

SELF-DENIAL NUMBER. THE WAR CRY

WANTED!—MEN OF COURAGE TO HELP RESCUE THE PERISHING.



Terse Topics.

TO ECLIPSE THE CENTURY.

These notes will be read while the Salvationist atmosphere is heavy with the many influences, plums, and toils of Self-Denial. It is scarcely too much to say that this season may be looked upon as the centre of the Salvationist's year. Is not self-sacrifice the pivot upon which all reliable undertaking for the redemption of men must revolve? This was the dominating principle of the Christ-life. Self-abnegation characterized His every motive, work, and word, and this has been the indispensable accompaniment of all lasting service rendered by His servants to others in every age. The greater part of our ministry is both important and far-reaching, in its nature and effects. It is at once a gigantic opportunity and a huge objection—the former is offered to every heart akin to the purposes of Calvary, especially to every Salvationist, and the latter is declared to the whole world. It is an opportunity to prove our love to God and the lost. We often speak of it, our very uniform commits us to it, but here we have a chance to stamp our words and profession with an undeniably proof of reality. It is the object lesson to the world that aggressive Christianity is yet within it. A religion that demands a price may not be popular, but it compels confidence. For all these reasons we must and will make the most of Self-Denial Week. It is the last of the century—it ought to leave behind all previous records—it will do so if individual interest, effort, and denial are all that they ought to be.

A CHILD'S CRIME.

The bright sunshine of a Toronto spring morning was a sharp contrast to the chill of horror which ran through the city the other day. A boy, thirteen years of age, had, in a fit of passion shot his father through the heart—the father lay cold in death. The child was under arrest for the deed. While the actual crime of patricide and self-denial is not for us to discover here. That a boy of such tender years should display such ungovernable lengths of passion as to point so deadly a weapon at his parent is a terrible instance of the depravity in a child-mind. Whether the deed was the outcome of an over-indulgent training or resulting from the teverish excitement of unhealthily reading, the terrible incident brings us afresh face to face with the question of the children's salvation. If it is possible for a child to go so far in the perpetration of evil, then surely a child too may experience the influence and power of conversion. While a crime of such grave nature can scar such tender years, which should be the prerogative of innocence and joy, it behoves every follower of Christ and lover of His Kingdom to take up on their hearts, include in their efforts, and mingle in their prayers the seeking, saving, and educating in peace and righteousness of all child-hearts and minds.

The Week's Ammunition.

SUNDAY.—"I press toward the mark"—Ith. iii. 14. "From strength to strength"—P's. lxxvii. 7.

Now onward, ever onward, "from strength to strength" we go. While "grace for grace" abundantly shall from His fulness flow.

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MONDAY.—"And when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts."—Matt. ii. 11.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself; and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee!

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TUESDAY.—"Thou hast avenged the Lord this day to be thy God!"—Deut. xxvi. 17.

O Son of God, Who lovest me, I will be Thine alone;
And all I am, and all I have, shall henceforth be Thine own.

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WEDNESDAY.—"Ye are Christ's."—1. Cor. viii. 23.

Let His truth teach thee what He will.
In thee day by day fulfil
All His sweet and blessed will.

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THURSDAY.—"Leaving us an example that ye should follow His steps."—1. Peter ii. 21.

Arise! To follow in His track, His lowly ones to cheer,
And on an upward path look back,
With every brightening year.

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FRIDAY.—"Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death."—Phil. i. 20.

Just what thou wilt! No choice for me.
Life is a gift to use for Thee.
Death is a hushed and solemn trust,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour-

Christ.

Men and women generally are volunteering, it seems, for everything else but for Jesus, and His power to save, and keep, and sanctify in this life, and prepare them for the life to come. Jesus calls for volunteers to enlist under the Blood-stained Banner of the Cross. Our blessed Jesus can save every soul that will come to Him confessing and forsaking their sins. Jesus calls to make you strong and brave soldiers, who will be the means of doing much damage to the kingdom of Satan and rescuing souls from destruction. May God bless these few words.—Treas. Cashin, Hallowax I.

On Getting Excited.

On Easter Monday, which was the day of the Annual Divisional Review, in Nottingham, Eng., a bandsman of the Bulwell corps was crossing the street in an anti-tocratic part of the town when he was assailed by a gentleman, who probably impressed by the quantity of uniform to be seen in the streets, enquired if the Salvation Army was having a Field Day, and, on receiving an affirmative answer, entered into conversation about the Army.

He expressed himself as being in sympathy with our principles and aims and the work done. "But, then, you get so excited," said he, "some of your people get so excited."

"Ah," rejoined the bandsman, "I

Somebody's Child.

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At home or away, in the alley or street,
Whenever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly: "It's some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long
years have reigned,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose
spirits are cold,
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly: "It's some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she has strayed,
No matter what inroad dishonour hath made,

No matter what element cankered the pearl,
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have led him,
No matter how deep he is sunk in sin,
No matter how low his standard of joy,
Through guilty and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.

That had had been followed on some tender breast,
That form has been wept over, those lips
That soul has been prayed for in times
Sweet and mild.
For her sake deal gently with some mother's child.

SATURDAY.—"I am glorified in them."—John xvii. 10.

Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness,
that we
Whose swift, short hours of day so swiftly run.

So overflowed with love and light may be.

So lost in glory of the morning sun,
That not our light, but Thine, the world may see.

New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

used to get excited myself, but I don't get nearly so excited as I used to do some years ago."

"Not so the gentleman," I suppose, than that he can no more settled down and quiet, and take things much more reasonably?"

"No," the bandsman continued, "I don't get so excited as I used to do. I used to get half-drunk, and get so excited that I scarcely knew what I was doing. After working hard all the week, I would spend my money in a way that was good neither for body nor soul. But I have left off doing that since I got saved, and although I don't get so excited as I formerly did, I am much more happy. I have a comfortable home, am ready to help the poor, and give a little to the collection as well."

The gentleman, at once saw the point, enjoyed the humor of it, and went his way with good wishes for the bandsman and the Army.—H. P. S.

VOLUNTEERS NEEDED.

Africa has been the means of stirring up a tremendous lot of enthusiasm, patriotic and war spirit among British subjects the world over. Canada sending thousands of her sons who have volunteered to fight for their race, and national honor. In thinking over this I said, "My Lord, if people can manifest and practice such devotion for an earthly kingdom, in being willing to sacrifice good situations, etc., and their lives if need be, how much more ought we, who profess to be His followers, to be willing to sacrifice for Christ and His glorious kingdom?"

"The Kingdom of Heaven Suffereth Violence."

A Field Officer writes: "Some time ago I watched a poor backsider struggling with his good angel, then

added my entreaties that he would yield to conviction and return to God. 'Let me alone!' he cried. 'I am going away!'

"I watched him leave the hall, determined to hold on to God for his soul. He went home, and got to bed unable to sleep, he rose, lighted a fire and paced the room, once or twice handing a revolver which he kept in a drawer. Three times he lay down without being able to sleep.

"At length the morning came, and impelled by a power stronger than himself, he made his way to the quarter.

"His face was agonized, and, in reply to my glad welcome, he advanced towards me, crying in furious tones, 'I have come to forbid you to pray for me. You are driving me to commit suicide!'

"Calling my Lieutenant, and taking hold of the backsider's coat to prevent his escape, I called upon God to cast out the devil from his soul. Then the Lieutenant prayed. We never ceased till he who was possessed fell upon his knees before us and cried to God to deliver him. At this the devil fled, and the restored backsider rose to his feet shouting, 'Victory through the Blood!'

"I was glad I had persevered."

What a Soldier Should Know

How Not to Dress.

Savnot soldiers should avoid everything in their dress, or the doing of their hair, or anything else, that looks like vanity, and which would make the impression that they want people to admire them. This is of the world, and, therefore, of the devil, and will destroy, if practiced, any good influence which might otherwise proceed from their exhortations or prayers, or any other efforts.

How to Dress.

At the same time they should endeavor to carry themselves and attain an appearance which brings credit to the Army; they should be clean, orderly and neat. As far as their employment will allow, they should have clean hands, face, teeth, and clothing. No one will think any better of the Army, or of the salvation they represent through their being unceasurably dirty or slovenly in appearance.

General Department.

This also applies to their walk. They should endeavor to carry themselves as upright and as soldier-like as possible. They must avoid anything of a lurking, giggling, boisterous character in the ranks, meetings, or anywhere else. To be even laughing and jocund, but a very bad influence anywhere, or at any time, but especially will it be so in a service, indoors or out. They should avoid all unnecessary talking, especially on the platform, or during the progress of a service. They should not whisper, or pass notes, or look about while in meeting, or in progress. Their work is a very serious one, and they should be serious in the discharge of it.

Why We March.

Processioning has held a very important position in the Army from the very commencement. To turn out into the streets with a uniform on, or sign of salvationism, and to follow a flag in the presence of the ungodly, is in itself a proclamation of salvation, and a public assertion of the claims of Jehovah to the love and service of the people.

Advantages of Uniform on the Street.

The larger the number of soldiers who march, the more generally they are dressed in uniform, and the more orderly and soldier-like their marching, the more useful such processioning is likely to be. Every soldier, therefore, can in this respect help to make the everyday marches of the Army more powerful for good and more honoring to God.

The Testimony Marching Tells.

To march in such a procession says to all around: "I believe in God and in His right to the service of every human being!" I have myself accepted His offer of salvation! I am at the present moment in the enjoyment of it, and hereby proclaim the fact to all the people of this town and neighborhood, and invite everyone else to come and share in the blessings that I enjoy."

Self-Denial Work in Hell.

ANOTHER VISION.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER IV.

Satan's Views of the Army Self-Denial.

SOMETHING here led me to make a closer observation of the audience, and in doing so I remarked that on either side of the Throne where the Speaker stood were seats of honor occupied by Creatures of gigantic stature and hideous form, Hatred, Revenge, and Cunning, and Cruelty, and every other Diabolical Passion were deeply stamped upon their features. Who could they be? The Black Prince himself answered my question.

Turning to those on his left, he said:—

"You are my trusted Leaders on the Earth." As he spoke I shuddered at seeing before me the Fiends charged with the task of effecting the ruin of the souls of men. "I have summoned you," the Prince proceeded, "to assure you afresh of my fullest confidence. I have no complaint to make. You have served me faithfully and well. By the agency of Drink, and Lust, and Pleasure, and Flattery, and Ambition, and Vanity, and Money, and the like, you have swept Millions of souls into my lap. I find it difficult to describe how you could very much improve your tactics. Nevertheless, you must be held in high esteem."

And then turning to the Fiends on the right, he said:—"Comrades, I have chosen you to supplement these brave Servants on my left in the mighty conflict, and to make quite sure of defeating the new Strategy of the King of Heaven, my Everlasting Foe. I send you to track the footsteps of these new Enemies, and to thwart them as far as possible at every turn. I have already information to show that the Heavenly reinforcements will specially seek to co-operate with the traitor Salvation Army."

At the mention of that name a deafening shriek burst forth from every Fiend present. It seemed to shake the very foundation of the place. It seemed awful! It was some time before I could listen entirely to what was being said. When I came to myself I found the Prince of Darkness still engaged in giving his new Agents instructions as to how they could best accomplish their task.

These Spirits from Heaven," Satan continued, "with the utmost scorn, 'will strive to urge these mad Salvationists to seek the possession of that Spirit (the dare not say the Holy Ghost) that made the Apostles so mighty, the Martyrs so brave, the departed Saints so holy, and that still carries all before it; but you must whisper in their ears that such Power, such Power, and Efficiency are impossible in these latter times—at least impossible to such humble people as they are.'

These Heavenly Spirits will urge the Salvationists to leave Father and Mother, Brothers and Sisters, Social and other human Joys; to wander about as Strangers and Pilgrims among men, in order to win them to God, and Holiness, and Heaven; but you must haunt them in the night season with pictures of what they will have to suffer, and tempt them with Wives, and Husbands, and Situations, and Money, and Respectability and the thoughts of Home and Child-rear, and all the joys of a Comfortable Life.

These Heavenly Spirits will try and persuade Parents to train their Children to become Apostles, and Martyrs, and Sufferers, and Warriors for Christ; but you must follow such Parents about with suggestions as to what their Children might do and be for them in the way of Service, Companionship, and Comfort in their Homes, and Business, and in their Old Age.

These Heavenly Spirits will, by inspiring thoughts of Heaven's Joys amid Hell's miseries, and by the Great Sacrifice made for them two thousand years ago (I noticed that he dare not speak so much as mention the name of Christ), seek to infuse these most infatuated people with a Burning-Flery Enthusiasm for the Cause to which they have consecrated their lives. Now, this will be very dangerous, so that where there is any likelihood of this fire taking any serious hold of souls, you must do all that in you lies to quench it. You can use

Prosperity, or Adversity, or Vanity, or Companionship of the Half-Saved folk round about, and if all these fail you can try to divert their energies from the great object for which they profess to live,

BY SOME RELIGIOUS FAD OR OTHER.

You must be desperate, and do anything to turn their attention from these terrible themes, and so cool the ardor of such Mad, Fiery People.

"Then these Heavely Spirits, having good, sound sense, which I must admit, will urge these Rabid Salvationists to give their Goods and Money and to defend themselves of Luxuries, and even the necessities of life, in order to fulfill their mission, carry on their War. Such notions, I need not say, you must oppose tooth and nail, and by lies, and misrepresentations and appeals to the weaknesses and selfishnesses of human nature, seek to defeat.

"Nobody knows better than we do that War cannot be carried on in your world, or in any other, without Money, and a good deal of it too; if anything is to be done worth doing; and one of my hopes respecting these people is that they will, sooner or later, stick fast for want of means. Now, whenever and wherever these Angels will happen to these Salvation People that they may give up sacrifice for the love of the Master and the maintenance of His work, you must hurry up to meet the rising feeling by reminding them of the duty of taking care of themselves and their families, of providing for the future, of the possibilities of sickness, or the provision needed for old age; and if you can only shut up their hearts and stop the wild, generous spirit that takes possession of them especially on Self-Denial Week, which is just coming on, the tides will soon be brought down here that the Salvation Army has been so easily defeated.

As the words slipped the lips of the Fiend, the whole audience of Devils rose to their feet, and, intoxicated by the thought of the bare possibility of such a collapse, fairly leapt and shouted with delight. Even the Prince failed to secure sufficient order to proceed, and, supposing he had produced

the effect desired, he vanished away, and in the delirium of gladness at the prospect of a speedy collapse of the Salvation Army, my Vision vanished too.

CHAPTER V.

Comrades and Friends of this Divine Warfare, Lovers of the Souls of men, Sympathizers with the Sorrows of mankind, Followers of the Suffering Son of God, I ask you, one and all, Who is to win this mighty Conflict—God or Satan, Angels or Fiends, Heaven or Hell? If the Victory is to be on the side of Heaven you must help with the Sinecues of War—help heartily, help at once!

THIS IS SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

S.-D. PROSPECTS

X IN THE W. O. P.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

The question of the hour is the coming S.-D. effort. We are pleased to note the evident desire and determination of every D. O. and F. O. to get there once more, and the signs of the times all point to a victorious fight.

London—the Leader.

This corps will again assert itself. The writer once heard a prominent British statesman make this assertion, "What Lancashire does to day England will do to-morrow." How far this remark may be true we are not prepared to say, but we know it is a self-evident fact that the Forest City matters in West Ontario, and of the enthusiasm and determination of the "Lancashire Guard," an indication of what the Provincial troops will do in general, there our target is a foregone conclusion. Ensign and Mrs. Wakefield are not of the faith that lets the grass grow under their feet. Great things may be expected of the London Veterans.

The rest of the London District will fall in line, and prove that God, grit, and gumption can succeed every time.

Chatham District

is once more led on by our loyal and devoted comrades, Adj't. and Mrs. Combs. They smashed their target last year, and will do it again without doubt, especially when we consider such warriors as Ensign Sloane, Gamble, and Green, and Capt's. Hale, Green, Coy, Huntington, and White, and Lieutenant Thompson at the head of affairs. Push the battle, comrades and you will carry every position.

Brantford District

will be very much in evidence with Adj't. and Mrs. MacCormick to pilot the troops. The Juniors of this brigade are in for doing a big stroke. Guelph, Galt, Paris, Berlin, and Kitchener are all bent on victory.

Stratford District

has the redoubtable Orchard to lead

on the forces. The Adjutant says he is not a believer in "rag doll" religion, and has given out as the S.-D. motto:

"Be very courageous." I am sure

with brave hearts our comrades will sweep aside all the obstacles that may be in their way, and the standard of victory shall wave in their hands.

Petrolia District

of course is safe, when it is remembered that Adj't. Blackburn, who is

supposed to know all the moves on the board in connection with special efforts, is at the helm.

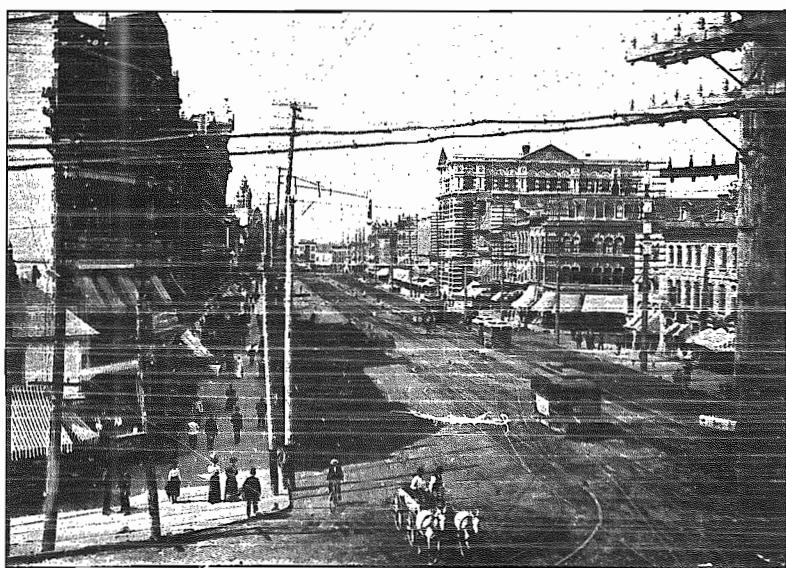
We believe he has his plans well-laid, and P. H. Q.

has the assurance that the oil-producing district will supply the necessary lubrication to reach their target.

Simeon District.

The braves in the Simeon District will carry their positions all right under the leadership of Adj't. McHarg. Ensign Crawford and Capt. Sitzer are responsible for the Woodstock contingent, and will give a good account of themselves, while Tilsonburg and Norwich will get there under the direction of Capt's. Heckin and Mathers. We are sure of one thing, that Adj't. McHarg will carry his points at all costs.

Forward, comrades, all eyes are upon you. Let the love of Christ, and unswerving fidelity to the Flag, urge us to a complete conquest in the S.-D. battle of 1900. God grant it.



MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

GAZETTE.

PROLOCUTIONS—

Lieut. Wilcox to be Captain at Regina.
Cadet Gamble to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Medicine Hat.

Cader Miller to be Probationary-Lieutenant at Lethbridge, N. D.

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN L. LARDER to Houleton, Me.

ENSIGN S. OTTAWAY to Ottawa District and Corps.

ENSIGN YERKIN to Brockville.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



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Postage should be written in ink or typewriter, and on "ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All correspondence will be acknowledged. Send a stamped envelope at the rate of ONE CENT postage per two ounces, if enclosed in unsealed envelope or open wrapper and marked "Priority Copy."

To the Rescue!

Our frontispiece illustrates an incident which sent sorrow through two continents, the wreck of one of the big ocean liners. In a few minutes the mighty vessel sank, with its human cargo, to the bottom of the sea. Only a minority had time to make good their escape by boat. The Captain stuck to the bridge to the very last. When the boat was lost without hope, he cried to his men to see to themselves, then threw up his hands and sank with his boat beneath the waves.

Men, societies, towns, cities, and nations are making shipwreck of their lives all around us. God is taken into account in but few; if any, of their transactions. Heedless and gay the millions around us are, writing over me, and into me, the blots of vice, and crime, and passion founder their craft, and they are left to an unequal struggle with the breakers. To these rescue, comrades! There is no time for disputes, we must save! Self-Denial Week is everybody's opportunity to help to better equip the life-boat service of the Salvation Army, which has proved its efficiency in the reforming and saving of many hundreds and thousands of social and spiritual wrecks.

Self-Denial as a Luxury.

Some years ago Commander Booth-Tucker wrote an article on the "Luxury of Self-Denial," which title doubtlessly looks like a contradiction. It is, nevertheless, the blessed experience of those who deny themselves willingly, and who have nothing to do with any object to taste in self-denial out of the greatest spiritual enjoyments. What is gaudily given brings no blessing, but only discomfort, and leaves an unpleasant memory, but the cheerful giver is the beloved of the Lord, and he that is conscious of that love walks in the very atmosphere of blessings and delights. Let us enter into this Self-Denial Week cheerfully, and with our minds assured that the most rigid self-denial on our part will be only a faint reflection of the sublime sacrifice made by the Saviour.

Sincerest Sympathy.

We scarcely can give suitable expression to the real sincere sympathy and sorrow which we feel on the receipt of the sad news that the Compt's and Commander's baby, named William after one dear General, is

seriously ill and not expected to live. Miss, an older child, is also stricken with sickness, and the unwavering watch which the Compt. observed by her darling's bedside, together with the terrible strain of anxiety and sorrow, is telling disastrously on her health. Let every sympathetic heart pray for a speedy and speedy restoration to health, and for the consolation of God upon the Compt. and the Commander in their great sorrow.

An Open Letter from
Brigadier Pugmire

Especially Addressed to the Locals, Bands-men and Soldiers of the East Ontario Province.

MONTREAL, P. Q., May 12th, 1900.

My Beloved Comrades—

Your Provincial Officer is fully relying on you each bearing your share, and doing your very best with this present Self-Denial effort. We must stand shoulder to shoulder, and all give and collect what we can, for His sake Who stooped from the skies, became poor that we might not become poor. That night when Jesus lifted his hands to heaven, He lay his head, prostrated in Gethsemane, with the sweat of blood trickled down His face, climbed Calvary with the cross, and finished His life by shedding His blood. For His sake, I say, let every dollar be given and collected.

Your officers will be giving you a personal target. Strain every effort to secure it, and, if possible, go beyond it. Call upon your friends and tell them something of what the Army is doing at present in famine-stricken India, and of its reaching out after the drunkards and the rescuing of the profligate, etc., etc.

—Sister, this is the first I have chosen to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye may take every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor, that are cast out, to thy house? When thou seest the naked that they cover him;—Isaiah. My dear comrades, your Self-Denial will help to bring this about.

God bless you much!

Yours in loving service,
J. S. PUGMIRE, P. O.



May 15th, 1900.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR.

The past week records a very considerable advance of the British troops without a great deal of bloodshed. Lord Roberts has reached Kroonstad, the improvised Capital of the Free State after the fall of Bloemfontein, and President Steyn has declared Linley the Capital, which place lies to the south-east of Kroonstad. The Boers were compelled to abandon some strong fortified positions without serious attempts to hold them, by a timely well-organized force encircling them.—The rebellion is definitely expected to be relieved this week.—General Buller has had some heavy fighting in Natal resulting in the defeat of the burghers, and Dundee, where the first fighting of the war occurred, is expected to be occupied in a few days by the British.—General Rundle has been reinforced by General Brabant at Thaba N'Chu, and the combined forces are expected to clear the remnant of Boer forces in the eastern part of the Free State.

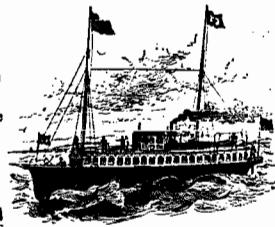
CANADIAN CULLINGS.

The Ottawa Fire Fund now amounts to \$210,000, and the Patriotic Fund to \$273,000.—A minister committed suicide at Port Arthur by taking carbolic acid.—Fire at Dauphin, Manitoba, caused a loss of \$10,000.—At Port Dalhousie a sailor walked out of a window in his sleep and fell three

THE NORTH-WEST
S.-D. FLEET.

An Exciting Battle Imminent—Will the Flagship Maintain its Position?—Cruisers Threaten Battleships—Gambots Preparing for a Decisive Move.

BATTLESHIPS PREPARING FOR A BIG BATTLE



offer, let us hear from you by return, and we will forward your challenge to the C. O. of the corps named. Look out for some interesting exploits.

THE FLAGSHIP, Class I.—Target \$500.

The Winnipeg—she will keep the lead no doubt.

BATTLESHIPS, Class II.—Targets, \$200.

JAMESTOWN, Fargo, Grand Forks, Brandon, Calgary Portage, Which of these will be in the lead?

CRUISERS, Class III.—Targets, \$150. Rat Portage and Neepawa.

TORPEDO BOATS, Class IV.—Targets, \$100 to \$130.

Grafton, Devil's Lake, Port Arthur, Fort William, Selkirk, Emerson, Minnedosa, Edmonton, Lethbridge.

THE GUNBOATS, Class V.—Targets, \$50 to \$100.

Minot, Valley City, Carmen, Morden, Regina, Prince Albert, Moose Jaw, Arden, Moosemin, Lethbridge, and Larimore.

LAUNCHES, Class VI.—Targets, under \$75.

Bismarck, Mandan, Dauphin, Carrberry, Souris, Medicine Hat, Oakes, and Hamlin.

Here's a chance! Will anyone tackle the Flagship? Is there a daring Cruiser that will measure guns with one of these formidable Battleships? What an interesting fight it would make. Let us hear from such a Cruiser.

Some of the Torpedo Boats are going, no doubt, to have a go at the Cruisers. What a spectacle if one of these terrible destroyers should really sink the mightiest character!

What an array of Gunboats! It would be significant if one of the small craft, the Launches, should happen to "popper" one of the craft in the next higher and big-sounding class—the Gunboats. Is there a Launch that has enough pluck to try? There is going to be some fun in this battle, and it would not surprise me if not a few of our gallant fleet do not astonish everybody and shoot ahead, finding themselves a class higher. After the battle we shall give the positions of the fleet—before and after.

J. F. S.

storeys without being injured.—Tanks are now forbidden to be exported.

AMERICAN NEWS.

The St. Louis Street Railways are tied up by a strike.—The Boer peace delegates have reached Washington.—During a plot at Wilkesboro, Pa., between strikers and workmen at a coal mine, twenty men were badly injured.—The Filipinos have suffered a heavy loss at Tabuk.—Chicago now claims a population of two millions, which is an increase of one million in ten years.

INTERNATIONAL ITEMS.

Mount Vesuvius is in a state of eruption.—The plague has broken out at Hong Kong.—The demented King Otto of Bavaria is completely broken down in health, and is not expected to live.—The rebellion in Ashanti has assumed alarming proportions.—An American vessel will leave for India with a cargo of grain for the famine sufferers.—The United Presbyterian Synod of Scotland has resolved in favor of a union with the Free Church, the latter having passed a similar resolution.—The dispute in the British pottery trade now involves 20,000 men.

Called Home from St. Georges, Ber.

Bandmaster Nathan Burgess was called away on Friday morning, April 27th, to receive his glorious reward. Capt. Bryant and Capt. Bell were with him to the last. He gave himself fully up to Jesus shortly after the Army opened fire at St. George's. Although he was ill about three months, he never wavered in his vows to God. Our deceased brother's remarks were full of assurance. Although suffering great pain, his faith in Christ did not waver. He joined with us at best he could in singing, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "Safe in the arms of Jesus." His last prayer was, "Lord, stand by me." His passage through the valley and shadow of death was most triumphant. We gave him a military funeral. Adj't. Miller, the bandmaster, and several of the Hamilton crew band marched the band boys at the funeral. Quite a large procession followed him to his last resting-place. The memorial service was held on Sunday night, April 29th, when three volunteered to serve God. God bless our deceased brother's widow and relatives.—Roger Spurling.

Calm seas make careless sailors.

SUFFERING AND SELF-DENIAL

BY THE TERRITORIAL SECRETARY

"Ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars . . . there shall be famines and pestilences."—Matt. xxiv. 6-7.

"If any man will come after me, let him DENY himself."—Matt. xvi. 24.

An adage has it, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives." We quite believe that one half the world does not know how the other half suffers.

A careful study of the present condition of a great proportion, to say the least, of this half-world would convince the most casual student that the many pressing claims of the huge throng of distressed ones dictate the right of powerful appeal to the sympathy, the sneer, and the practical assistance of those who merely possess common heart and feeling, to say nothing of those in the embrace of the more tender and generously-nurturing graces of Christianity.

My own heart has been appalled beyond measure while contemplating the condition of the multitudes of precious mortals, who, this very day, while I write and while you read, are suffering the acutest pangs of famine's torture, of war's rapture and devastation, of disease's direful effects, and of fire's frightful destruction and distress, to say nothing whatever of that other great army who are constantly lashed and stung with woesful results as the consequence of sin.

Have you given due and intelligent heed to that side of life which is expressed in the one word "suffering," and after thinking the matter over, asked your own heart, "What can suffering really mean?" when applied to a famine scourge such as is now in such progress in India, or to a catastrophe such as in the terrible struggle for dear life between the military forces of Britain and Boer in South Africa?

Possibly it might be a somewhat helpful consideration to you to sit down for an hour or two to face out, so to speak, what your duty is in this matter of Self-Denial which is weighed in the light of the following facts, and in the realization that the Salvation Army stands to these poor, wretched sufferers as balm for the wounded, as friend to the friendless, and as healer and helper to those in sorrow and need.

Just think of poor, disconsolate India, with her

Sixty-Five Millions in Distress.

and that despite the Herculean efforts being put forth by the Government which is earing for six million famine-stricken people daily; and despite the extra, energetic, and numerous efforts of the Salvation Army and other religious organizations, and still communities, the raging famine is becoming worse, and worse still every day, with but very little prospect of much improvement for some weeks to come.

Think of the failure of crops, of the parched country, of the trees stripped of leaves, of the crowds of starving people—thousands dying: of deserted



A Boy's Sacrifice.

and helpless children, and children left orphans, of the earth dying wholesale, and of the fact that

Two-and-a-Half Millions of People

died of starvation and the effects of the famine, famine of '97.

There is every probability that this year's famine will totally eclipse with its horror and destruction that of '97. Our officers are on the spot and know whereof they speak. Will you hear one or two of them describe the heart-rending scenes which they have personally witnessed?

Child-Skeletons.

Major Bahadur, who has been visiting the famine-stricken districts, writes :



Rush for Food.

"In one part of the camp I saw 1,000 little children all crowded together. Although the government gives them a little food during the day while their parents are at work yet there are many poor little skeletons among them, and we could see that many of them could never live to the end of the famine. In fact, some of them looked more like men keys than children. I should think that the majority of them were without a scrap of clothing, and the coverings of those who had anything on them were only a tattered, tattered, tattered, tattered rag. Some of the overgrown pleated with us to give the children some clothing, as it was very cold at night, but as none of us had any money at our disposal, we were sorry to have to refuse them. Most of the poor men, women, and children whom we saw lay on the bare ground, and a few on mats which were spread in different parts of the sheds."

A Boy's Sacrifice.

In Gomri, an old Army corps, is a poor widow. She and her little family had been without food for many days, when the eldest boy, about eleven, said :

"Mother, we must have something to eat today. I will go and try and cut some leaves."

In consequence of the lack of fodder, farmers try to keep their buffaloes after the leaves have turned. The poor brave little boy had thought that if he could get a bundle of these he might earn two or three pice. But, alas! In every direction the trees were already stripped, and the only few which remained were at the end of high branches, in a most dangerous and inaccessible position.

Nevertheless, he must try. So, with his long knife tied to a stick, he climbed a high tree, but, being dizzy from want of food, he fell and broke his skull.

Poor mother! Poor boy!

A Torrent of Gratitude.

The other day a small boy of nine or ten walked eighteen miles to get a handful or two of grain, because he heard that the Salvation Army was giving a free distribution to half-a-dozen schools. When he received it, he fell to the ground in a torrent of gratitude to embrace the feet of our officers. Tears rolled down the cheeks of all who witnessed the scene.

A Ghastly Sight.

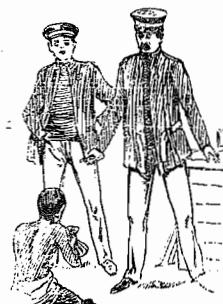
In Rajputana our officers saw the ghastliest sight of their lives. Outside the village lay a gaunt skeleton, mutely witnessing to the fact that here some poor, faithful buffalo (once the helper and half-supporter of some poor family, by its daily yield of rich milk) had fallen prostrate, and in the agonies of starvation, had expired.

The hide and flesh had been torn from its bones, but near it still lingered, seeking some remnants of that horrid feast, a small completely-naked child of four or five years, and half-a-dozen pariah dogs; they fought for the fragments.

Died in Her Arms.

In the Panch Mahals, where the people are a simple, aboriginal race, called the Bhils, the distress continues very great. A dear European officer, Elsie Nithya Bal, who has only been in India about nine months, is laboring there heroically with Major Nursi Gopal and others. She is not able to speak without tears of what she daily witnesses. At first, the sight of poor, dead bodies by the wayside was very shocking to her, now, alas! it is a common sight. She never goes into villages without the spectacle of some poor creatures who have dropped down in death.

A short time since she came across a whole family by the roadside. The father dead, a little dead child near, and still alive, the poor mother with a little dead infant in her arms. This dear Swedish girl, with her heart full



A Torrent of Gratitude.

of compassion, laid the poor woman's head on her shoulder and spoke some words of sympathy and help, but its sudden weight alarmed her, and looking down in her face she found that the woman had died in her embrace.

The Mad Struggle.

In Ajamere, where we have a weekly distribution of free grub, so great was the crowd that the aid of the police had to be called in to keep order, and prevent physical injury by the people. I witnessed on one occasion the mad struggle for one morsel of bread. The police estimated that at least 7,000 persons were gathered together, and, alas! we had only funds sufficient to give 200 of them a little each.

Again, a District Officer reports that a poor woman with two children came to him for relief. He gave her food, but almost immediately she expired, and the two little children were left on his hands, he not knowing who the woman was, or whence she came.

Think, too, of the frightful ravages of the bubonic plague, speeding on its sorrow-making course in New South Wales, where, on May 1st, no less than 183 cases were reported, of whom no fewer than 58 had died. How many aching hearts would this dire enemy alone make?



The Soldier and the Soldier's Mother.

Consider also South Africa, with its already tens of thousands of casualties as the result of the combined weapons of war and disease. Consider the many broken-hearted fathers, mothers, children, and relatives, and of the sadness experienced by the multitudes of homeless refugees who have been driven from "paradise" to poverty and havoc. Consider the terrible suffering of heart and mind, and body, of the tears and horrors which this horrid war means!

Come a little closer home and see the twelve thousand homeless ones in the cities of Ottawa and Hull, who were forced to spend their first night in the open-air. See the waste, and want, and woe caused by that frightful holocaust.

Was ever Self-Denial launched when so many sufferers abounded? Were ever claims made upon you so momentous, so touching, so overwhelming? These poor creatures have to endure a forced Self-Denial.

Whatever Self-Denial you make, however, should, and doubtless will be, spontaneous, but in the light of these awful facts, what shall it be, and to what extent?

Suffering and self-denial formed a very important part in Christ's human life. He cheerfully, nay, gladly, endured the former and gloried in the latter, and speaking in the sense of suffering and self-denial, "The servant cannot be greater than his Lord."

The Salvation Army is doing what it can to relieve the suffering, and our own people are making a voluntarily denyl self in order to accomplish that merciful mission. Our barracks at Ottawa was instantly thrown open for the relief of the fire sufferers.

In South Africa our officers are caring for the wounded of Boer and British alike, with all the physical strength, and spiritual sympathy, and practical aid their resources can command.

P.S. to Mrs. Payne's Story.

The story of the Ottawa fire, as told by Mrs. Ensign Payne on another page, must appeal to every sympathetic heart. Without going into the statistics of the loss, the interview gives us a pathetic picture of the privation and plight. In cold figures, the actual loss of our Rescue Home, with nearly everything it contained, amounted to about one thousand dollars. When it is remembered that the tasteless and convenient fittings and furniture have almost wholly perished, and that scarcely anything of the personal effects of nearly twenty people were saved, we can estimate something of the calamity it affects this branch of our work alone. Any gift, small or great, towards the relief of our comrades and their protégés now so sadly in need, will be thankfully received, and meet its own reward.



Fire Sufferers.

MISS BOOTH AT WINNIPEG.

The Greatest Success Up to Date—Brandon and Portage la Prairie Give a Royal Welcome—Packed Houses at Each Place—The Commissioner's Eloquence Captivates Intelligent Audiences—A Triumphant Tour—Finances Magnificent.

Ex-MAJOR SOUTHLAND

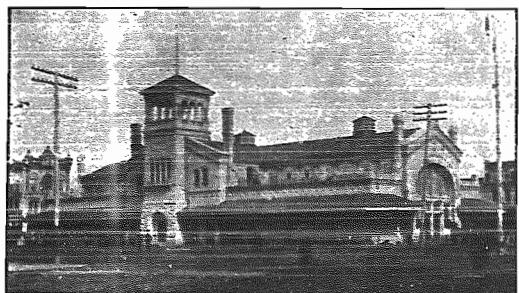
That the days of miracles are not past is, perhaps, abundantly testified to, and one more link in the mighty chain that negatives the claim of the pessimist and doubter was forged last Sunday at the Winnipeg Theatre—and on this occasion it did not involve any violation of the Sabbath Day. To have seen the Commissioner on her arrival on Saturday afternoon, quite exhausted, and several ulcers in her throat forbidding her to speak above a whisper, involving suffering from swollen glands, and inflamed tonsils was about enough to try the faith of the most optimistic. However, our leader is not the one to let you down if there is a shadow of a chance of avoiding it; and while, perhaps, scarcely one out of a thousand of either sex would have attempted the great task of the campaign announced, Miss Booth rose to the occasion. To the physician, as well as to others of us who were aware of her serious condition, she was a marvel—and the embodiment of faith courage, and heroism.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON,

The large theatre was full—save a few seats in the back gallery—in spite of the fact of thousands being attracted on the streets by the church parade of a popular Moral Society. After the usual preliminaries the Commissioner sang, accompanying herself on the harp, to the evident appreciation of her audience. Then we listened to



MR. AND MRS. R. J. WHITLA, WINNIPEG, MAN.



MARKET BUILDING WINNIPEG, MAN.

the soul-stirring subject announced—“the song of the city.” For nearly an hour an intelligent audience listened to the different choirs and harmonies that made up this grand song. There was the diapason furnished in the cry of the penitent—the soprano and high notes supplied by the children sweet minor chords by the martyrs—tenors and middle parts swelled by the admirers as well as the joys of the redeemed sublime cadences rippling through the whole in the echo of the angels’ choir. What a song! What variations! What thrills! What subtlety! We seemed to hear it all, as in rhythmic sequence our beloved Commissioner unfurled its sweet mysteries to us. How many lives will be eternally influenced by that address may be difficult to

mitted to minister to those splendid audiences that day.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

The large theatre was packed before the time announced for the commencement of the meeting, and doorways and aisles were blocked, while hundreds were turned away. The appearance of the Commissioner was the signal for a hearty clap throughout the building. A painful reaction had been bravely met and overcome during the afternoon meeting and this moment was the step beyond the stage. We are still anxious, however, and wonder whether her strength can hold out through the great strain of "Love's Sun-set" or if her strength would her voice last? The Commissioner sings and plays the harp. Willie and Pearl also sing. Now Miss Booth gives her test. Her voice is faint at first, and there is some trace of trembling, but she gathers strength as she

inspired. Generally her utterances referred to the three and half hours between them, how hot and how breathless they were, while what was said to pass in the time. The two instances of a life of action against that we reported in *Truth* were instances that hung in a melancholy stillness upon the human organs of that great and long-suffering, yet real and frank, living system. "Love," sensed the very name sounds as much and so much as a simile, a metaphor, a study, a story, and like them, a symbol of wholeness. No wonder that for an hour that lived, few, if any, lost it as it passed through the hands of upright indomitable. No wonder that this same form gave birth to the best of all heart-beats. There was nothing puzzling in the whole matter; it was that a hundred such were not trying what must I do to save? We know. However, that hundred of hours were started, and let the results from that meeting will be in that day's late lives. It will be great.

He also stated that he had never heard the truth given in such a convincing manner, and felt that it must produce considerable conviction.

Miss Booth afterwards gave a little impromptu talk on some of the various phases of Army warfare, illustrating the same very aptly by stating that she had observed in a gold mine in Roseland that "treasures had to be dug for, and sought in the dark." So the Army went down—down into the darkness—and so found treasures that shall shine in the Kingdom to come.

Rev. Dr. Sparling, of Wesley College, afterwards spoke. He was always delighted to hear Miss Booth, and regretted being out of the city the previous day. He considered that the combined qualities of father and mother were apparent in the daughter—Miss Booth. After expressing his recognition of the need and success of

A very happy social hour or so followed, and then we left.

owed. "Several prominent ladies, not at all conversant with the Army, expressed the pleasure the event had given to them, and all look forward to a similar gathering on the Commissioner's next visit. Thus closed a wonderfully-successful campaign successful from any standpoint considered.

BRANDON.

It was feared that the great sand-storm, which raged all day, would affect the meeting. However, the large Opera House was packed by a splendid audience—both intelligent and receptive. The G-minor-loner's singing, and harp accompaniment, was immensely enjoyed.

"Miss Booth in Rags" has been so often commented upon—though in my humble judgment, no one can adequately report this masterpiece of addresses, with all its lights and shadows that I refrain from attempting to do so. It is said that "one touch of it makes the whole world kin"; if it were asked, "What is the touch?" I should say, because it is a revelation of human nature; that fact it demands the touch of an expert, of the lights and shades of the "graves" and "fortes," and all the other signs which make all the meaning in the piece rendered, would be lost sight of. It is needless to state that there was no oversight on the Commissioner's part in this regard.

The arrangements were splendid. The audience was delighted, and Brandon will benefit much from the Commissioner's visit.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

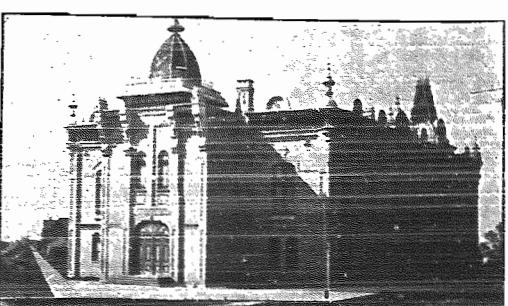
We have to employ superlatives in such cases, so that I am nearly run out, and will have to appeal to the Editorial Staff to come to the rescue if I do not finish.

but God had kindly sustained His
efforts, and spake through those
mighty souls abounding messages
which we believe shall prove as life-
giving to us all.

MONDAY-DRAWING ROOM MEETING

A very hearty welcome was accorded the members of the splendid company of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Whiting who, notwithstanding a gentle cold and many hours of driving, put the trip to good account. With their warmth and enthusiasm, a kindly word and a smile, they cheered us well along the trail. To their credit also, and Mrs. Whiting's particularly, the ladies and gentlemen present, in welcoming Commissioner Mr. Whiting, expressed the greatest pleasure at the address of the speaker, the day having been a happy one, and all agreed that great results must follow there-

These will apply here.
Thus concluded a splendidly successful tour. Finances were excellent, results magnificent. Interest boundless. The Commissioner's addresses were sublime. Everybody was delighted, except the devil, and he got his due.



GRACE SNIDER, *1910-1990*

THE HOLOCAUST IN THE IMPERIAL CITY.

MRS. ENSIGN PAYNE'S STORY.

"If I had not seen so much and felt so much of the terror which has swept over Ottawa, I should be better able to tell you about it," said Mrs. Payne.

The sweet-faced Matron of the Ottawa Rescue Home (now in ashes) looked very fragile. The nervous shock of the past few days would have prostrated many women, and, indeed, the one sitting in our office at the moment could scarcely speak of the terrible experience through which she had passed with a shudder; yet her one thought was for her homeless charge, and her attention wandered from our interview to speculations as to the time of the first train back, as if the scene of the conflagration were some entrancing spot of pleasure. But after all, is there anything more fascinating to the heart of a true Salvationist than the opportunity to serve others, no matter whether that opportunity be surrounded by circumstances rough or smooth? But, true to moralizing,

"When did you first hear of the fire?"

"Or rather, see it," said Mrs. Payne, "for though the city must have been full of the theme no rumor reached us. We were sitting at dinner about half-past twelve. It was a specially nice dinner that day—not that we did not live well every day—(this matronly after-thought still anxious for the credit of her Home) and officers and girls were doing good justice to it. All at once I noticed that a red glow filled the room. I exclaimed aloud, 'It cannot be sunset, it must be fire,' and, hurrying to the window, saw the sky clouded by heavy smoke. One of the officers ran out into the garden, and soon back with the news that a large fire was raging in Hull, and seemed to be spreading. But the water separated us from Hull, and none of them thought of danger. Not so with me."

I Remembered the Fearful Blaze

which had destroyed so much of St. John's, Newfoundland, my childhood's home, and how my mother had told me—for I only returned from a trip with my father to find the charred remains—of the terrible speed with which the flames had spread. Even thus early I told the officers and girls what to do in case our Home was attacked, and that as soon as dinner was over they must put on their best clothes and be ready to carry the children out if necessary. I could see that it required all their respect to keep from laughing at my fears, and that they all attributed it to undue nervousness on my part."

"But their amusement was short-lived!"

"Scarcely more than a quarter of an hour after my worst fears were realized. The flames crossed the bridge and were soon sweeping up through the city. It was a field day for fire, so far as the weather was concerned. The driving wind hurled the dust into

perfect hurricanes all around, the very stones of the streets seemed loosened. With such a help behind them the flames might work almost any havoc. Yet still my household was not wholly alarmed. I went up to the attic and found one of the Lieutenants there sitting sewing at the window, watching the grand, awful sight of the angry fire. I told her she ought not to be there and hurried down. On the stairs I almost knocked over a breathless officer, hurrying up with the news that our barn was alight. Then all was hurry and excitement; the

band which I specially prized, Capt. Shannon—she is lame and the effort cost her much—went back into the flames to fetch it for me."

From this bit of pathos Mrs. Payne went on to describe the hair-breadth rescue of the Home cow, over whom the tender heart of the above-named Captain was much concerned. The bovine quadruped escaped with a singed tail, but died the night before last, leaving her master amidst the confusion and has not been heard of since.

But we must not leave the Home family on the lawn. "No secure place." Mrs. Payne told us, "for the trees were catching fire, and threatened to enclose us in a belt of flame. A kindly Catholic Priest offered to take the girls

For Temporary Shelter to the Convent, but I remained until the house

"And what are you going to do now?" we asked.

"Get back as soon as possible, and find another house to start afresh. I do not think that the citizens of Ottawa will fail to rally round our efforts."

—♦11♦

HOW OUR SOLDIERS SUFFERED.

The homes of four comrades were burned.

Bro. Oliver (Band Sergeant) who has been a soldier a number of years, and was Lieutenant in the Field for a short time, lost four houses. He saved some of his furniture and clothing. He expects to get a little insurance, but as yet does not know how much.

Bro. and Sister (Hector Sergt.) Adams have both lost everything. They have lived in the hall since the fire. They both have been soldiers for a number of years.

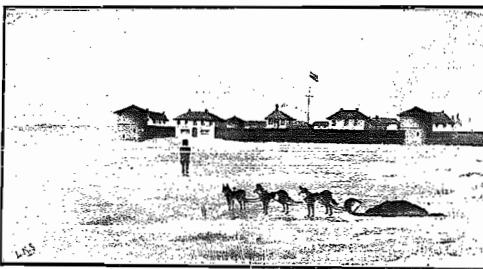
Miss Sophie Harbour (Secretary), living in Hall with her sister who was sick, has also lost all. She also has been a soldier of good standing for a number of years.

Sister Squirrel, a soldier of the Brockville corps, and recently removed to this city, lost everything except the clothes she had on.

—♦11♦

THE ARMY'S SHARE IN THE RELIEF

The first night the barracks was opened for shelter, and a number of men, women, and children were sheltered and fed. Since then the lecture hall has been opened for men, a num-



The Original Fort Garry, the Beginning of Winnipeg.

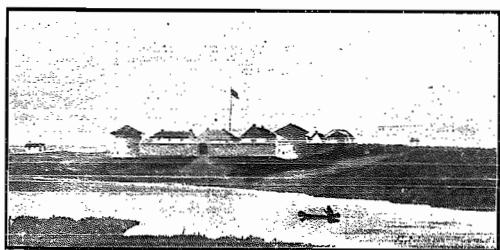
gals were fearfully scared, but carried out the directions I had given them to the letter, and in a few seconds had all the children out on the lawn.

I Had One Sick in the House

at the time. You can imagine my feelings as I telephoned for the ambulance, which, as by a miracle, arrived and took the patient to the hospital, fortunately untouched by the flames, in another part of the city."

"What did we save?" Mrs. Payne's face was rueful. "What we could which was not much. Eight or ten young men came to our assistance, and threw the furniture, trunks, and clothes from the windows on the lawn; but, as I have yet to tell, that proved to be no safe place. Between the firing of the barn and the cataloging of the house there was only a few minutes, and soon the flames were at the front door. In one arm I hugged a bread-box (the old money-chest) I had at the time. It contained the girls' purses, a few dollars belonging to the Home, and one or two of my little Alec's frocks. Needless to say, my other arm was round my boy, who was terrified at the fire, and screaming for a train to take him away to 'Pupper Becky' (his name for Beckstrand). I was thus loaded during the whole escape."

"One touching incident of those terrible moments touched me much—it is one that I can never forget. On the table of the sitting-room there was a photograph of my now-glorified hus-



Fort Garry, with Later Improvements. Only a Gateway is now Standing.

were one seething mass of flame, which even scorched the gravel walk, and sweeping up to the bundles on the lawn, soon destroyed them. In fact," Mrs. Payne smoothed down her neat uniform, "this is the only dress I possess in the world. Then we left it to burn—the dear place which had looked so nice after its spring cleaning and fresh paint—left it to burn, and a long crowd of terrified refugees in the street—can you describe to you what that scene was? Women shouting, children crying, mothers wailing for their lost children, and children calling out for missing parents; young and old, all hurrying, most of them scarcely knowing where, carrying what they could of their household stuff, often to drop it down a little further on, in the one wild race for life, leaving their homes and possessions in one big blaze behind them. When I reached the barracks, I found one girl already there, for the nearer refuge of the Convent had fallen a prey to the flames. Two of them, and four of the children had, however, got lost on the way, and all night we were there searching or watching for them. In the morning God brought them home, the four babies by the hand of some Good Samaritan who had tucked them into a big clothes basket.

"We have put up in the old quarters of the barracks. Some kind friend sent in some straw, and another kind friend a pillow—we were glad of it, though it was but 'one among so many'—nine girls, fifteen children and four officers. However, we now have some bedsheets, and are as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. We feel that, despite the loss and terror, God has been very good, so tenderly to have preserved us."

ter of whom sleep there and receive their food daily.

Also the rooms above, known as the Training Garrison, has been opened for the officers, girls, and children of the Rescue Home—fifteen children, nine girls and four officers.

The basement is used as a storage for those who saved a little of their furniture, and are boarding or sheltered in some private home until they can get houses to let—which are very scarce or the rent too high for them to pay.

Comrades, although losing all their earthly goods, can and do praise God, their Heavenly Father, for His sparing mercy, and their trust in Him is more firm than ever.—Capt. Wilson.

BE STRONG.

Be strong! We are not here to play, to dream, to drift. We have hard work to do, and loads to lift. Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's gift.

Be strong! Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame? And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame! Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong! It matters not how deep entrenched the strong. How hard the battle goes, the day how long; Paint not—fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

—M. D. Babcock, in S. S. Times.



ONE OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE COMMISSIONER'S MEETINGS WERE ADVERTISED BY MAJOR SOUTHLAND.



"He Counted Not His Life too Dear."

A TALE OF THE SEA.

A STORMY night on the Southern Coast at the close of an autumn day—
A night of tempest, and fear, and death, to mariners bound that way;
For many a ship in sight of home was wrecked where no help could be,
And many a stout heart failed and fell, borne down by the raging sea.

The giant billows, capped high with foam, drove fiercely toward the shore,
And dashed themselves on the white chalk cliffs, with long and deafening roar;
And over the waste the wild winds moaned, and heavily, now and again,
From every quarter poured at once, came torrents of driving rain.

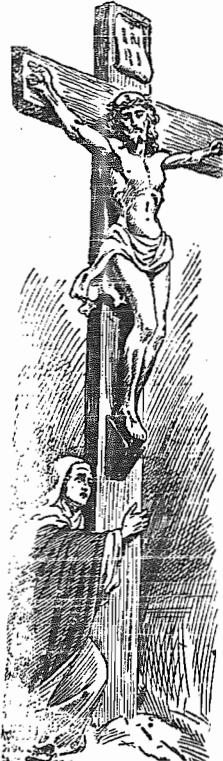
In a lonely valley among the rocks, a league from the sea
port town, stood a straggling hamlet of fisher-folk through many a year had grown;

Their quaint thatched houses were bare without as the sheltering hills above.
But within they were bright with homely cheer, and furnished and lined with love.

To-night, as the storm grew loud o'erhead, the breakers were fierce below.
In anxious watching the men-folk there passed restlessly to and fro;
And many a mother looked out and prayed for those away on the foam,
Though the boats of the village were high and dry, and the lads were all at home.

But only the little ones slept that night through all the terrible gale,
For when, at midnight, its strength and force were just beginning to fail,
There came through the darkness a sound more dread than all that had gone before—
The signal-guns of a ship in distress away on the further shore!

And soon the tramping of feet was heard in the byways steep and bare,
And flickering lights on the beach revealed the villagers gathering there;
All eager to help, yet holding back, by wind and by wave dismayed.
The fishermen standing in groups apart, while the women wept and prayed.



But suddenly forth a young man strode to the strip of sand between—
As brave a man in his guernsey blue, as ever that shore had seen,
"I'm going out to the rescue mate!" he cried, with unfaltering breath;
"Who'll bear a hand in the boat with me? We'll surely save some from dead."

"I will, Jack Lawrence!" "And I!" "And I!" the answering voices came.
For the bold resolute youth had set their laggard courage afame—
And speedily stalwart hands had dragged his boat to the waterside,
While others muttered, and called them mad, as they looked on the raging tide.

But now the light from their lanterns shone on a pale and anguished face,
As out from the further group there came, with swift yet tottering pace,
A woman, who fell at the leader's feet, and sobbed, in a voice of woe,
"Oh, John, my boy, it cannot be—you must not, shall not go!"

The shawl slipped from her silvery hair, as she clung to his feet with tears,
The sorrowful face upturned to his was older with griefs and years;
"You're all I've had in the world," she moaned, since your father was laid to rest.
Remember Hugh—your brother Hugh—who went sailing out to the West.

You mind him, neighbors?—how good he was—so handsome, and brave, and strong;
Amongst the men on the ship that day he stood the finest of all;
But the vessel foundered far out at sea, they told us the papers said,
And we shall look in his face no more till the sea gives up its dead.



And now, while cheers rang out on the surf was driven,
And the tempestuous boat on her way, as they broke from the shore away.
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words.
"Please God all's well, will be the break of day."

And now my John—my only one—is dead.
Oh, say to him, friends—he may heed,
Bereaved of my children I am bereaved,
With never a chance to know his fate.

In troubled silence the people stood,
The far-off signal from Danger Reef came,
And all eyes turned on the hero lad, and
All kissed her gently and held her close.

"I must go, mother," he bravely said,
And through the rush and roar of the tempest,
"So many lads are in straits out there,
And if I die for their sake to-night, it will be well."

Her fainting courage revived at the words,
She measured the anguish of other hearts,
Her tremulous hands unclasped at last,
And turning bravely, she whispered,

And now, while cheers rang out on the surf,
And the tempestuous boat on her way,
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words.
"Please God all's well, will be the break of day."

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their laggard courage afame—
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with swift yet tottering pace,
sobbed, in a voice of woe,
ust not, shall not go!"

she clung to his feet with tears,
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was—so handsome, and brave, and
stood the finest of all;
y told us the papers said,
the sea gives up its dead.

And now my John—my only one—is daring a watery grave;
Oh, say to him, friends, he may heed you—that this is no night to save
Beav'ed of my children I am bereaved; and, lost on this surging sea,
With never a chance to know his fate, oh, what will become of me!"

In troubled silence the people stood, while urgently once again
The far-off signal from Danger Reef came pealing o'er the main;
And all eyes turned on the hero lad, as he raised her up from the strand,
And kissed her gently and held her fast in his strong encircling hand,

"I must go, mother," he bravely said, though his heart to its depths was stirred—
And through the rush and roar of the storm the break in his voice she heard—
"So many lads are in straits out there, we must try to bring them through;
And if I die for their sake to-night, the Lord will take care of you!"

Her fainting courage revived at the word, and, as by the grief of her own,
She measured the anguish of other hearts for those in the wreck o'erthrown.
Her tremulous hands unclasped at length—the conflict of love was won—
And turning bravely, she whispered, "Go, and God prosper thy way, my son!"

And now, while cheers rang out on the wind, the order to launch was given,
And the venturous boat on the voyage of hope far out on the surf was driven.
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words, as they broke from the shore
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again before the break of day."

But though the tempest had somewhat lulled, their progress was hard and slow—
Now tossed far up on the threatening wave, now drenched in the gulf below;
And still through the hiss of the blinding spray, torn off from the crests of foam,
They could hear the people, and see beyond the glimmering lights of home.

The night wore slowly; some friendly hands, when the stress of the storm had gone,
Lit up great fires on the hill above, that far through the darkness shone;
And some in the constabard's hut, hard by, the mother's sad fears beguiled,
While she prayed, as only a mother can pray, that God would protect her child.

But when the first red flush of dawn was spreading over the deep,
And the billows in many a creek and cove were sobbing themselves to sleep,
A speck was seen on the sunrise track that stretched to the headland bare,
And the cry rose swiftly, "A boat! A boat! Jack Lawrence's boat is there!"

And larger and nearer the vision came, till a rousing challenge passed:
"John Lawrence ahoy! Have you got 'em, lad? Are you bringing 'em safe at last?"
Like those who listen for life or death, in silence the watchers stood—
But never an answering word or sign came over the shining flood.

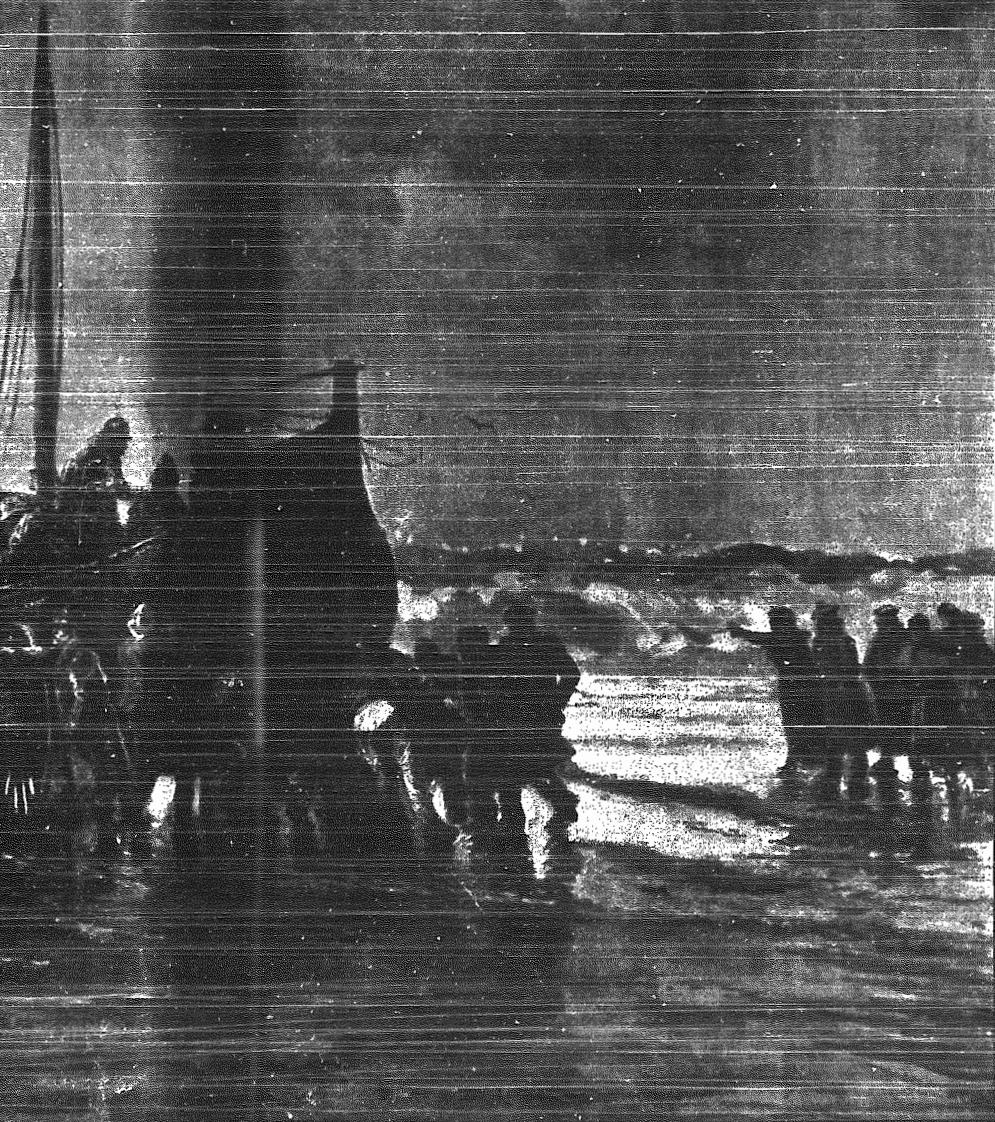
Once more the challenge—"John Lawrence ahoy! Have you got 'em, comrade? Say!"
And this time faintly there came a cheer and the boatman's quick "Ay, ny,
We've got em!" And then a ringing call thrilled all the listeners through:
"Five saved! And, oh, tell mother, too, that one of 'em's brother Hugh!"

A shout went up from the lonely cove that startled the deep
again—
"Mid happy laughter, and smiles of joy, and tears like an
April rain,
The mother, half-dazed with rapture, breathed to the kindly
hearts around,
"My son that was dead is alive again, and he that was lost
is found!"

There was joy like that which the angels know in their
humble home that day,
For Hugh was saved, and, glad to yield, had promised with
them to stay;
While John, whose love for the souls of men no fear of death
could appal,
In love, and blessing, and joy of heart, had payment enough
for all.

• • • • •
Oh, brothers and sisters shielded safe from tempest, and
care and strife,
There are lost ones perishing hour by hour on the Danger
Rock of life;
And, seeking to save the dear ones, mourned by hearts to us
unknown,
We shall find, it may be when Morning breaks, we have
loved and saved our own.

And, oh, the joy on the Other Side, when fear and storm
shall be o'er—
When, borne on the sunrise-track of death, we reach the
eternal shore—
We shall smile, when at home in the Father's House, on the
sorrows and dangers past;
And the sweet "Well done!" of the King shall make our
Heaven of heavens at last.



And now, while cheers rang out on the order to launch was given,
And the venturous boat on her way as they broke from the shore away.
"Be good to her, comrades!" were John's last words.
"Please God all's well, we'll be home again before the break of day."



IN THE LAND OF THE LILIES.

By MAJOR PICKERING.

I have just completed a fortnight's tour amongst the beautiful Islands of Bermuda.

How refreshing it seemed to be again, after so many weeks of steady hard labour for salvation! The fact that we were having another chance to fight the devil seemed to act like a tonic, and put new strength into our poor, weak bodies; saving to a proper Salvationist is a great luxury.

Good Friday morning dawned; the sun rose in a cloudless sky of azure beauty. The good ship *Trinidad* careered swiftly and gracefully through the sky-blue waters that ran past the shore, beauty itself; and we begin to sweep round the coast to the harbor of Hamilton. All is bustle and activity on board; stewards rushing here and there, assisting the passengers to gather together their baggage, etc., punctuated by exclamations of delight from the happy passengers, as we sweep by the gorgeous scenes of God's creation. What a great puzzle is this human nature, so entranced with the "creature," and yet so forgetful of the "Creator."

How beautiful it all appeared, but unfortunately were broken by the hallowed and familiar strains of band music. Over the waters came the sweet refrain, "Welcome home, welcome home!" Soon the crowds of happy Salvationists, playing, shouting, and singing their welcomes, came in sight, and became the centre of interest. The aristocratic brewer, and the blue-blooded (retired) green-grocer turned up their noses, but the majority smiled and gave appreciative nods of recognition. Even the busy stewards stopped work to come and have a look.

"We're coming to the barracks tonight, sir," said several; "we like the Army."

"Hallelujah!" was the reply. "Nothing like it."

Ayo, What a Glorious Concern is this Salvation Army!

No stiffness nor formality; what did it matter that we had never seen each other before? We loved and fought under the same Flag, and that was enough. They gave us a brilliant welcome. Adjt. Miller was the first to greet us, and then a forest of hands were stretched out in welcome.

"I remember you when you were in Nottingham, years ago," said one stalwart warrior of Kink. "I was a little kid then, but I'm in the good old Army now, as well as in the Queen's service."

The hand struck up again and off we go, followed by a huge crowd of all kinds of people. The proposal was for me to speak from the verandah, but the crowd surged into the barracks, so the formal reception was held there. An address of welcome was read, and replied to, then we adjourned for a little refreshment. The barracks was beautifully decorated for the welcome, each branch of the corps laying a portion of the building.

At night we had a great camp-meeting. Rev. Mr. Burrows, of the Presbyterian Church, presided, and made a rattling speech. He said he was almost a Salvationist, and we offered to swear him in under the Flag right away. The hall was gorged with people. There were sixteen items on the program; songs of welcome by Seniors, Juniors, Naval and Military League, also speeches by the officers, Locals, and Mr. Motyer, on behalf of the friends. We finished up with a song of victory over sinners coming to Jesus.

The week-end at Hamilton was grand.

Over Seventy Came to Knee-Dell

and we had magnificent crowds and collections, but, best of all, a number of souls at the Mercy Seat.

Monday we had a united "Field Day," with Band Festivals, Junior and Naval and Military Demonstrations;

then at night in the barracks a huge crowd paid 12 cents to come and hear the lecture on "Nine Years in Modern Babylon." Rev. W. Struthers (Major's wife) presided. Rev. Dr. Burrows and other friends were present. For over two hours they listened, with close attention, alternately bubbling over with merriment at the humorous side, and then weeping at the recitation of the world's woes and sorrows, and again, making the place ring with applause at the accomplishment of the General's great Social Scheme.

Warwick was the next port visited, and a rousing meeting was held. A number of Hamilton people, with the band, came over to assist. Southampton.—"Where is it?" the stranger asks, as he is driven over the roads which are dotted with a number of straggling houses. This surely is not large enough for an Army corps? But it is! The afternoon was spent in a "Drawing-Room Meeting," at the residence of G. Munroe, Esq., where a select gathering listened to the world-wide operations of the Salvation Army.

At night a good crowd of people thronged the Methodist Church. The Rev. Dr. Taiten presided. "Nine Years in Modern Babylon" held the people for two hours. Everybody expressed themselves delighted, and one lady of independent means announced her intention at the close of being enrolled as a soldier of the S. A. She is most enthusiastic about the Army, and is a good help to Capt. Cowan, who has a good hold. The soldiers are a fine lot, the best singers I have heard for a long time. We have here also an up-to-date Junior and B. of L. corps; their drilling was grand. I must not forget to mention the lovely decorations, the whole place was a

A Mass of Green and Lillie.

with welcome mottoes. This was the work of Bombarier Lewis, of the Fort, a Leaguer, who also decorated the Somerset barracks in a similar way.

Somerset came next. The officers, Capt. Goodwin and Lieut. Young, with their soldiers, made every effort to be cordial, and those were disappointed. The barracks was crowded, and all appeared to enjoy the racy description of the Social operations. An ice cream social followed, to which nearly everyone stayed. There is a good future before Somerset, and Capt. Goodwin's stay will be a great triumph if she takes advantage of the opportunity.

Early Saturday morning we drove back to Hamilton and spent a few hours at correspondence and business. Two o'clock found us again at the visiting this time for St. George's, where we again did the work. We went on route the "Devil's Hole" and the famous grotto, one of the wonders of the Islands. Centuries of dripping waters have formed the remarkable and curiously-shaped stalactites. St. George's is reached at last, and we found Capts. Brebant and Bell hard at it arranging for the week-end campaign. After refreshing cup of tea, we sally forth to the straits of the band through the streets and lanes of this ancient "city" once the capital of the islands. Near the market-place stands an old tree, which is very well informed, as the spot on which hundreds of poor slaves were daily sold. The S. A. is loved, and we had a grand time with a poor drunkard seeking pardon. Adjt. Miller, the D. O., and Bandmaster Salter, from Hamilton, rendered splendid service during the day.

Monday, another "Field Day," at St. David's Island, with a program like the previous Monday. A very enjoyable day was spent. During the afternoon we visited the lighthouse, and were conducted with great courtesy by the keeper, who afterwards arranged for our autograph as a memento of the officer's visit. At night in the barracks at St. George's, a huge crowd listened with delight to "Nine Years in Modern

Babylon." The whole week-end was a great success. The crowds of Saturday and Sunday were up on Monday night. Some one thing marred the day's enjoyment: on arrival home a troupe of Adjts. Bell received a message saying her father had passed away. Pray for the Captain and his bereaved friends. The Captain is a good, loyal Salvationist.

Tuesday found us at Hamilton again. All the officers of the Petrolia were present for council, and a rich season of blessing was spent, every officer pledging himself to renewed devotion to the Flag, and the salvation of souls. Wednesday night we had a farewell tea of officers, soldiers and auxiliaries, followed by a good bye meeting. A splendid crowd assembled in spite of the wet, to say good-bye. We were welcomed Adjt. Desbrey, the pioneer officer, who had come to recuperate. A soldiers' meeting followed, at which the S. D. effort was mentioned. The officers took it up with their usual enthusiasm. They will get their target.

We were also pleased to meet that old veteran-warrior, Mrs. Tatien and Adjt. Matthews. Bermuda is going ahead under the leadership of Adjt. and Mrs. Miller and their officers. The Adjutant and his dear wife were the essence of brotherly and sisterly kindness.

Thursday came too soon, and at 11 a.m. we bidden adieu to "Come back again soon, and be sure and bring the misses." The shore faded from sight, but the strains of the band tunes, "God be with you till we meet again," and "Should and acquaintance be forgot," came over the waters for some time after. Farewell, beautiful Island! You have a warm spot in our heart. We hope to meet again soon.

Financially, as well as spiritually, it was a great success \$250 offering. Our beloved Commissioner's letter was much appreciated by all the Bermuda troops, and was sent with one voice, sent a message of love. "Oh, if she would only come and see us," they said. "My wouldn't we welcome her?"

Keep believing, my beloved comrades, and the Commd-sharer will —

hope in the near future something will be done to remedy this weakness. The Major will have a good try, anyway.

Capt. Fyfe met us with her usual smile. We had a fine open-air-suecess in silencing an opposition speaker "Phonograph Concert," and held our crowd to the end. Two sougs were rewarded for the faithful deliverance of the truth, which God enabled the Major to draw out. We believe there is a great future ahead of the corps.

The Major boured the cars for Forest, while your humble servant once more handed himself over to the guidance of the worthy D. O., to wheel 30 miles to the next appointment. We could chronicle a few incidents in this connection, which would be perfectly lawful, but not altogether expedient, therefore we restrain. We enjoyed our visit to Forest very much, and God helped us to land a poor backsider, who had been on the verge of the Kingdom for some time. We were billeted with Rev. Dr. Willoughby (Methodist Minister) an old and tried friend of the Army. We received quite an inspiration from the veteran saint, who has seen over forty years' service in the cause of the Master, and left his presence with a greater determination to spread and be sent for the salvation of the lost.

Fyford received us gladly the next day, and in spite of a thunder-storm which broke over the town just at meeting-time, we had a fair crowd. Capt. Copeman is full of schemes and plans for the future.

We got back to London next morning, and after a few hours in the office, boarded the cars for Ingleside. Here we spent a delightful time. The friends and soldiers were greatly encouraged. We rejoiced over the spirit of determination of the comrades to go ahead. The writer laments he was unable to take a snapshot of the Major and Auntie Wright doing a dance together. It is nevertheless a fact.

We are thankful that God is won-derfully sustaining our leader, and we are going in more than ever to keep the W. O. P. to the front of the procession.

Side-Lights.

Lights o' London.

By THE CHANCELLOR.

The din of our May councls had scarcely ceased before our worthy P. O. and the writer boarded the cars for a trip through the Petrolia District.

The week-end was spent at the centre. It was the Staff-Captain's privilege to introduce the Major to the Petrolia commandants and friends, and we were delighted with the spontaneous way in which they received their leader. God sealed the meeting with one sister at the penitent form. The Sunday's meetings were old-fashioned times. Eight seekers came forward in the morning meeting, and we believe the effects of that gathering will be seen and felt in this corps in the days to come. We had a few words of counsel and greeting with the soldiers in the afternoon, and are sure that our efforts served to inspire the comrades to a deeper devotion in the interests of the Flag.

At night the Spuds gave the Major great liberty, and though no one yielded, we had no reason to think the seed was not sown. Many lingered long in the prayer meeting, and we closed one of the best day's fights with a sense of disappointment at the visible results.

Bro. and Sister Downer, with their usual hospitality, entertained, and lavished upon the visitors all the kindness and sympathy they possibly could. The Lord will reward them.

We would like to have seen Mrs. Blackburn in better health. We believe God will help her, and give her back her strength. Of course the Adjutant did not fail to extol the virtues and graces of his son and heir.

Whittled Samuel Windham.

The next day we were down for Sarnia. The Major took the train to this place while the writer committed himself to the tender mercies of the Adjutant, who undertook to wheel a distance of 18 miles. A stiff head wind faced us, but we got there without any incidents common to the knights of the wheel.

Wanted - A Barracks

Sarnia is suffering for want of proper barracks accommodation, and we

The recent change of officers may interest War Cry readers: Ensign Shute to Leamington, Capt. Cox to Tredegar, Capt. Huntington to Essex Capt. Freeman to Berlin, Capt. McCutcheon to Guelph, Capt. Howcroft to Stratthroy, Capt. White to Blenheim, Capt. Wiseman to Listowel; Capt. Keefer has been compelled to relinquish command of Guelph, and has had to go on rest.

ONE SERVANT GIRL'S SELF-DENIAL.

A Boston lawyer, who has for forty years been eminent in his profession, and no less eminent in Christian work and in princely gifts to the cause of benevolence, tells this story of what fixed the course of his life.

When he was a young man he once attended a missionary meeting in Boston. One of the speakers at that meeting, a plain man, said he had a girl in his domestic services at a wage of less than two dollars a week, who gave a dollar every month to missions. She also had a class of poor boys in Sunday School who never missed her from her place, and he said of her, "She is the happiest, kindest, and tidiest girl I ever had in my kitchen."

The young man went home with these three broken sentences stiching in his mind, "Class in Sabbath School" — "Dollar a month for missions" — "Happiest girl."

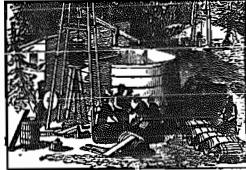
The first result was that he took a class in Sabbath School, the second was a resolve that if this girl could give a dollar a month to missions, he could and would. These were the immediate effects of one plain girl's consecrated life.

But, who can conut, who can imagine, the sum total? That lawyer was for almost half a century, from this time, an increasingly active force in every good work within his reach.

S. C.

He who would open other eyes to see God's divine revelations must first see and appreciate their glory. We can communicate only what we have received.

WEST ONTARIO. PROVINCE.



MAJOR MCMILLAN.

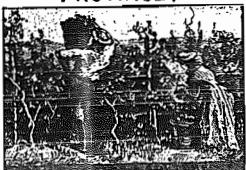
BLENHEIM.—We have said goodbye to Capt. and Mrs. Dowell, Capt. White and Lieut. Fennay have come to lead us on. Good crowd Sunday afternoon. Captain plays a cornet and makes quite an addition to our band. The Easter Cry was beautiful—choice reading, and the Commissioner's photo the best yet.—Ina Groom.

BRANTFORD.—On Sunday we had the pleasure of a visit from our old comrades, Bros. Whiffen and Markle, the latter better known as "Happy Day." The Spirit of the Lord came specially near in the holiness meeting, and at the conclusion both sisters kneeled at the Master's feet and sought pardon. The meetings all day were good. The hand worked faithfully, as did the other comrades.—Slide Troutbone.

"He Blamed it on His Wife."

LEAMINGTON.—A warm welcome from the people here was given. Ensign and Mrs. Slose. They have three dear little ones—a little girl and two boys. Surely the junior way will prosper now. We are praying and believing for a great revival here. Interest is increasing and better times are expected. A good crowd listened to Ensign Sunday evening. Subject, "He blamed it on his wife." Soldiers meeting on Tuesday night fairly attended.—An interested spectator.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.



MAJOR TURNER ASST. P.O.

PEVERSHAM.—Last Sunday afternoon one son held up his hand for prayer. We make a daily trip round the Circle, and expect to hear much of the enemy's work at every date. We already have bills put for some big gains in the near future. Lord bless the S.D. effort.—A. W. McGregor, P. Lieut.

OMEMEE.—Last week was busy week. I went up to Lindsay to say good-bye to Adj't. and Mrs. Fox. Their last meeting was splendid. I enjoyed it very much. Very good time visiting and Cry all sold out. Very good meetings on Sunday, and the interest seems to be a year. Secretary and Secy.-Major Cornell welcomed back after being absent through sickness for the past twelve weeks. We are all glad to see them again. Best of all one sister volunteered out to the Mercy Sen.; also on Tuesday night one sought the blessing of a client heart.—C. H. B.

RIVERSIDE.—"Sixty Years through Smiles and Tears," was a very interesting subject of Staff-Capt. Manton's lecture.—Thursday night. The most indeed, was one of smiles and tears, for when the Staff-Captain gave the boyhood part of his experience not a few almost went into convulsions of laughter. The children sat, some stood, with eyes, ears, and even mouth open, enjoying the talk to the utmost, especially when he told how he had been sent to his room upstairs while his father went to get a

stick to punish him and he had escaped through the window, his father had nothing to hit when he got there. His aunt was out to the country and looked up in a tree and asked, "George, what you doin' ther?" "Gettin' a bird's nest," he said. Nearly all the people seated in to the last, and were sorry when the end of that rambling biography was related, for don't you see aged men and decrepit women laughed like children. But when the Staff-Captain told how his little one was taken from him, through his disobedience to God, tears were in many eyes. Many practical lessons were learned, which will not soon be forgotten. Come again, Staff-Captain, and give us "Muddies"—T.

STURGEON FALLS.—On Sunday morning, after a hard battle, one dear backsider came back, and two souls came out for holiness. At night the barracks was overcrowded. All the week the meetings were good. Our little corps is growing, and the J. S. work is getting along well. We had twelve children on Sunday.—William Skinner.

TWEED.—On Thursday night we had a social which was decided success. A good program was rendered by the Juniors, consisting of recitations, action pieces, Bible drills, flag drills, readings, etc., which were enjoyed by all present. Cake and coffee were in abundance. A good coffee parlour of same. In addition to a free social for about 40 Juniors. Our rent, which was about two months behind, we have paid up to date.—Ensign Jones.

YORKVILLE.—After a hard day's night with the enemy of souls all day Sunday, God gave us victory. This night meeting was a crowning triumph, when six preachers souls sought and found the Saviour. Our motto is "Fight to Win," in the Self-Denial battle.—A. Rose, Capt.

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NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.



BRIGADIER SHARP.

"Easter Cry Went Fine."

PILLEY'S ISLAND.—Last Sunday was a day of blessing, and the meetings were much enjoyed by all. There was no difficulty in selling the Easter War Crys, they went fine. In the afternoon the quarterly balance sheet was read, and at night Comrades Friend Blackmon, A. S. S. M. Norriss, orderly, Son of Hope, Bro. George Tapscott farewelled for Duke Engle. It was a touching time, and at the close five more souls knelt at the Cross.—Capt. James.

Ninety two Souls for the Siege.

TILT COVE.—The Siege of 1000 has been a brilliant success. Ninety-two new soldiers have been enrolled. Twenty-old soldiers, who have been backsiders for a long time have returned and taken their stand again and are doing well. Our indoor weekly attendances have increased from thirty-five to sixty-three, our soldiers' meeting attendances have increased from thirty-five to seventy-six, our knee-drill attendances have increased from twenty to fifty. Finances are very good, so the War Cry readers will see by these figures that the S. A. is rising down north. Officers and soldiers are all on fire, souls are still getting saved. To God be all the glory!—L. Smart, Lt. C.

TWILLINGATE.—Souls are getting saved all the time. We had a good day on Good Friday. Barracks packed at night. Enrolled nine soldiers. Had four out for salvation, and a good collection. War Crys all sold out. God bless our boomers.—Ensign Cooper.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.



MAJOR HARGRAVES

From Hell to Heaven.

BUTTE.—Good meetings all day Sunday. Good crowds both outside and in. The Spirit and power of God were felt, and after a fight we had the joy of seeing one precious soul come to the Cross, who wept like a child; he afterwards testified that after having had hell on earth for a long time, he was glad that he had found peace at last. Praise God!—R. P., Reg. Cor.

MISSOULA.—Officers received fare-well orders, later on orders cancelled. Praise the Lord! On Saturday night we had an ice cream and cake social. Net proceeds \$20. Good meetings. Many under conviction, but none yielding. Officers making preparations for Self-Denial target, which they are determined to raise.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

Indian Evangelists.

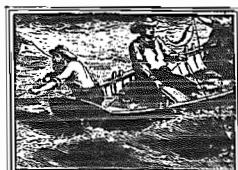
SKAGWAY.—Captured at last, a man who has been around town all day, shouting the rounds of the saloons and gambling houses, and occasionally listening at the open-air. He came to the meeting and surrendered to God, and says that he has found what he has been seeking—true joy. Thank God for victory! The Indians who wintered here have nearly all returned to their home village, and are carrying on meetings with good success among themselves. Souls are being saved, and they are rejoicing in the camp.—T. J. McGill, Adj't.

A Bluejackets' Enrollment.

VICTORIA, B. C.—Splendid meetings. Thursday night a memorial meeting, ending with the chirointon of one of the blue jackets from H. M. S. Virago. Before he got saved he "broke leave," and for six months he has only been able to come ashore two evenings each week. His time has now expired, so he can come every night and do his best for God and souls. He has a fine voice, so he is a help to the corps. Friday we had a good meeting. Mr. Rossiter, an old friend of the Army, sang and took the lesson. Sunday, real good meetings. Adj't. Smith and Basilio Thorkildson, from the Indian work on the West Coast, came to meet Commissioner; but, like the rest, were disappointed. We were glad to see them, especially Basilio Thorkildson, who is an old friend of Victoria corps. They both helped in Sunday's meetings. One soul Sunday night, a Queen's soldier, got well saved. We have three "soldiers of the Queen" on the platform, and one blue jacket, a little corner of the Naval and Military League.—M. Lewis.

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EASTERN PROVINCE



MAJOR PICKERING.

Last Locals to the Front.

BEAR RIVER.—Lately we have seen God's power manifested in a wonderful manner. Some backsiders have returned, and we have quite a crowd of young folks converted, and working for the Master, who turn up

well for the meetings. Officers off to council, meanwhile we shall be led on by two lassie Sgt-Majors. We are looking for great things to transpire in the coming summer.—Sec. E. A. M., for Hunt and Chandler, C. O's.

HALIFAX.—Adj't. and Mrs. McLean have farewelled from this corps and District, after ten months of faithful work for God and souls. May the Lord abundantly bless them in their new field of labor. On Friday night we welcomed our new Adj't. and Mrs. Fraser and Capt. Armstrong, among us. The Adj'tant and wife were stationed here some ten years ago. We believe the Lord is going to make them a blessing to the corps, and to the sinners. A few souls have sought the Lord since their arrival here, one of the number a soldier of the Canadian Provisional Battalion of Infantry now stationed here.—Treas. Casbin.

A Four Hours' Fight.

PARTHOSHON, N. S.—The meeting on Sunday night lasted for four hours, a desperate fight in which two precious souls were captured from the enemy's ranks, which makes thirteen souls for the week. One man started to come to the meeting, and went home and tried to go to sleep; but the Spirit of God took such a hold of him that he had to get up out of bed and come down to the quarters at half-past twelve, just as we were laid down to have a little rest. We got up and prayed with him and he got blessedly saved, and went home at 4 o'clock in the morning, rejoicing in the God of his salvation.—Ritchie and Elsbury.

SOMERSET, B.C.—Sunday morning, one soul at knee-drill. At night we finished up at eleven o'clock, when everybody had gone to their homes except a few of the soldiers who prayed with a sailor lad who desired to give God his heart.—C. B. Harrison, J. S. Sergt.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—Buster Sunday the Woodstock forces were led by Ensign McDonald, from Fredericton. Grand time at knee-drill, followed by a march around town. God's presence felt in all the meetings, but no visible results.—Kate Welch, Capt.; Winnie Jones, Lieut.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.



MAJOR SOUTHLAND.

FARGO.—Our new officers arrived on Friday night, Ensign Burton and Capt. C. L. Myers, from Calgary. We welcome them to our midst, and pray that God will make them a blessing.—Matt.

A Visitation Trophy.

GRAFTON, N. D.—Friday last our D. O., Ensign Dean, and Mrs. Capt. Taylor, wife, came. Their people and soldiers were much delighted at all. We had a good meeting, and on some fronts conviction was evident. While visiting today, a man who was sick earnestly sought and found salvation. Glory be to God! We are in for smashing our S. D. target.—Herringshaw and wife.

Use Your Chance.

When Edison, the inventor, was a very poor young man, walking in the streets in search of work, he happened into a Wall Street office. The telegraph recording machine was out of order, and nobody could make it work. Instead of pleading his case in general statement, he simply asked whether he might try his hand on the balky machine. He was permitted, and was successful. This was the turning-point in his career towards fortune. He not only had knowledge and skill enough to make a machine go, but he had wit enough to perceive the opportunity just at his hand.

KIT'S REDEMPTION.

The heavy shadows of evening were fast wrapping round the long, summer's day their sombre garlands of gloom. In one still room heavier clouds of sorrow were crowding, where the sands of another day were fast running out.

They were alone together—mother and son. The ashed face upon the pillow bore traces of marked remorsements and the remnants of greatest patrician beauty, yet there was a tinge of death was sombre mean, and the delicate pinkish sick-room were noticeably absent. The young man on his knees by the bedside bore scarcely sufficient resemblance to the dying wolumen to bespeak the close tie between them. Stephen Falconer could boast no beauty, yet there were few men and fewer women who would not have turned a second glance at his strong, rugged features. Just now his wife was full of the agony of impending loss, the greatest he had ever known.

"Did he say he would come, Steve?" asked her, shaking her head already hasty with the rush of death. "With the uncertainty of failing breath she had asked the same question twenty times during the last hour, and twenty times received the low, gentle assurance,

"Yes, mother. Coming immediate ly" was what the wife said.

"There is something I want to say before he comes," said the mother. It was significant that while she always spoke of her elder son as Steve, she frequently referred to her younger simply by the pronoun. "I am dying with a heart full of anxiety for you, son; anxious for my little Kit. Not that he isn't a dear lad—the dearest ever could be, and the image of his father—only lately he has been so much from home that perhaps I've been unduly nervous for his well-being."

"This new position as foreign correspondent has taken him away, another," was all the excuse Stephen's hottest heart would allow him to make.

"Oh, yes, I know; but, Steve, I've fancied lately—not that I blame him—his life has been one round of pleasure. It's always been cards, or billiards, or a smoking concert, when I've looked for him at home. He can't help loving life, Steve, he's his father's own boy in that, but God forbid that he should drop into the same grave!"

Mrs. Falconer did not say what this grave had been—a drunkard's. Only too well did her son know the cost of his father's indulgences, which had cut short his own life and impoverished his family.

"Steve, I've done all for him I could,—you know that. We have saved and economized to send him to college and stand him on his career, and though he hasn't, perhaps, done his talents full justice, yet he has won everybody's good-will. The most popular fellow of his college, is what they told me. Now I am dying, Steve—dying without seeing my Kit settled on the ground which gives me hope—he's everything but the one thing, Steve—my Kit's not a Christian—but I leave him to you, I know I've slighted you sometimes, my son. Dearly as I love you both, I couldn't help loving Kit best; but more than gratitude and love shall be yours if you'll look after him. You have your ambitions in life, I know, Steve, and God give you your heart's desire, for it is a noble one; but you're dying mother that you'll put Kit first."

"Mother, I will," and the solemn tones made the words sound more like a vow than a promise.

A few minutes later and the mother's blue-veined hand rested on the fair curly hair of her favorite, who was sobbing out his grief with all the fervor of his passionate nature. He had reached home, but just in time—the effort which she had put into the last conversation with Steve had spent her ebiling strength, and she could barely breathe her blessing over her boy.

"You have been—all the world—to your mother, Kit. Meet her in heaven." Then, turning her dying eyes towards Stephen, with a last effort she said, "Remember!"

Stephen and Keith Falconer were motherless.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Steve, about our holding together. Of course I know you're the dearest old fellow in the world, and a hundred times too good to be brother to me; but we'll like each other better after a distance after all. Now don't mean any blue, old man, I don't mean anything more than this: You're all for religion and study, and work, and I mean to be quite frank, all for play and pleasure, and what, I suppose, you call 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' You must go your way, and I must go mine. To let this splendid chance in Canada go by for a scrupule would be folly, man!"

Then Stephen felt the time had come to speak plainly. Hitherto he had only sought the proposition of the North-West situation on the ground of the distance it would separate the two brothers.

"Kit," he began, using the old pet name of his brother's boyhood, "I don't want you to go away out there, because I'm afraid for you. It's been hard enough for you to keep straight in London; it will be harder out West. There are fewer codes of society there to hold you, less sense of restraint, and, oh, Kit, you know nothing man so blessed in his soul as I should have such a troubled care free world face, as the sentence of his long search had made of Stephen an old man before his time.

It was a glorious summer's evening, and the open-air ring was large that night, swelled by the numbers who had come in from the outlying ranches. Stephen spoke that night as he had never spoken before. He seemed to feel eternity already begun, and some said afterwards, as of his great namesake, that his face had been like an angel's. Suddenly there was a cry from the hotel that stood opposite—the stirring thrill of fire. The little meeting closed hurriedly, and soldiers and shuners turned to lend a hand. But there was no organised fire brigade in that lonely place, and after ten minutes, as the flames spread rapidly. At the first alarm the landlord with his family, and the two bar loungers, hurried out, and someone was remarking, as the fire rose higher, that at any rate no lives were in danger, when a scream of mortal terror rang out. The rosy cheek of the stout landlord turned white.

"Only too well," thought Steve bitterly, and despite Kit's would-be friendliness, and Steve's regret and longing, there was a coldness in the brother's farewell.

* * *

"Six months and no letter!" Stephen Falconer looked down at the small correspondence of his morning's mail with an anxious face. Keith had now been away nearly two months. He was the first to have written back regularly letters full of charm, which his clever pen knew so well how to throw around the description of foreign scenes. Amid the dreary drudgery of his own dull task Stephen had read them, without one trace of envy. Ever since his father died he had taken the burden of their mortgaged affairs upon himself, and putting aside his own ambitions towards a medical career, he had toiled at an unceasal trade to remarry their debts, and keep for his mother some home together. It seemed quite right to him that Kit should have a good time. The letter gave no cause for uneasiness. They were a bold, well-meaning, and Stephen began to tell himself that perhaps, after all, his fears had been groundless, and that the change might even be reforming Kit. Then the letters were fewer and fewer apart, and by-and-hye ceased altogether.

Now Steve was face to face with the question as to how to find him. There seemed but one thing to do—to go in search. Against this there was the fact that, for the first time since his father's death, the debt on the family was now clear, he was gaining promotion in his situation, and the future did not look so far distant that he might purchase, by his own savings, the education which would fit him for a life of medical ministry.

Stephen looked round the room—it was filled with musty books on his favorite science; he opened the small cash-box—already the small store was growing, but a reminder as from another world, so like old it seemed to his mother's voice, told him that there was just sufficient to pay his outward passage. Must he give up all his cherished ambitions just when they seemed near fulfillment, to search for a brother who would be little likely to think him for his pains? For one moment the struggle was keen. He was tortured with suggestions that after all he could do more good to

the world by remaining and following his own bent. Then again came that spirit-whisper, "Promise to put Kit on first," and Stephen Falconer fell on his knees to renounce his hopes and ask God-speed to his quest.

Five years had slipped by, but still the lost brother was missing. When Stephen had reached his North-West home, he had flown no one knew whither. He had got into some gambling difficulties, and had sought to extricate himself by taking that which was not his own. Before, however, the theft was discovered, Keith had vanished. Through the practice of the North-West road he had down through the States. Stephen wandered. On the way a change came to him. He joined the Salvation Army and through its agency found what, up to man though he had ever been, he had not previously known—a present and experimental religion.

Then Stephen threw the vigor of his young manhood into the service of God, and as a Salvation Army Captain sought to heal men's souls, as he had once dreamed of alleviating their bodies. But all the time the thought of Kit was never far from him. Every meeting he scanned the people for a sight of the face that never came, and his soldiers wondered why a man so blessed in his soul as he should have such a troubled care free world face, as the sentence of his long search had made of Stephen an old man before his time.

It was a glorious summer's evening, and the open-air ring was large that night, swelled by the numbers who had come in from the outlying ranches. Stephen spoke that night as he had never spoken before. He seemed to feel eternity already begun, and some said afterwards, as of his great namesake, that his face had been like an angel's. Suddenly there was a cry from the hotel that stood opposite—the stirring thrill of fire. The little meeting closed hurriedly, and soldiers and shuners turned to lend a hand. But there was no organised fire brigade in that lonely place, and after ten minutes, as the flames spread rapidly. At the first alarm the landlord with his family, and the two bar loungers, hurried out, and someone was remarking, as the fire rose higher, that at any rate no lives were in danger, when a scream of mortal terror rang out. The rosy cheek of the stout landlord turned white.

"My God! I'd forgotten him!" he murmured. "It's a stamp as came last night, I left him to sleep his booze off."

At an upper window there appeared the terrible sight of a man still intoxicated amongst the flames. Blankets were held, and cries raised for him to jump out, and the poor creature either could not understand, or was paralyzed by fright.

"There's no chance for him," was the verdict of the crowd, "unless someone'll go and fetch him."

It was almost certain death to attempt it, yet Stephen pressed forward. His great love for his brother made him tender towards all humanity. The crowd watched him disappear amongst the smoke of the doorway, and then stood breathless to see the failure or success of his search. Half-blinded with smoke, scorched by the flame, Stephen succeeded in reaching the room, only just in time, for the stairs fell in behind him. He reached the terrified man, "Jump!" he said, and laid his hand on his shoulder. The man turned. Stephen nearly fainted—it was his turn. The recognition was mutual, but there was no time for a word, for the flames were devouring the window sashes. Even then Keith seemed to have lost the power to act for himself, and Steve had to throw him into the blanket. Then he, too, jumped amid the deafening cheers of the crowd. The jump was a high one, but the younger brother got no more than a staggering; the elder fell awkwardly and fractured his spine.

* * *

There were but a few minutes for a farewell, for Stephen's injury was a vital one. Understanding the relationship between the two men, the crowd shrank back with the rough delicacy of Western men, and left the brothers together.

"Thank God, Kit. I've found you. I come to America to do it, and God has given you back to me. Promise me that you'll serve your mother's God before I go."

Kit was overcome with grief and remorse, yet he managed to breathe into the dying ear the proud, and subsequent years have told how well he kept his word. Then Stephen had gone into his brother's old seat.

"It's all right, Kit; you did not

understand me, thought we could not

get on together, but we'll be friends

as well as brothers in heaven, and it's

worth while dying, to hear say you

you'd do the right."

A few seconds more—very painful

but very peaceful ones—and Steve Falconer's spirit had fled—its passing

was the price of Kit's redemption.

A. L. P.



THE GREAT SUPPER.

Luke xiv. 7-24.

The preface to this parable impresses the lesson which Christ was constantly seeking to convey by His words, and which the eloquent testimony of His whole life went to teach the lesson of humility. There is something strange in the thought that man had to be educated in this most attractive grace by a Divine example, and that it took an act of submission, nay, of degradation, on the part of the Creator to teach the creature His place.

And how few of us know it even now! For more than half Christendom the hardest lesson it ever has to master is the knowledge and possession of true humility of heart, an altogether different thing to a profession of great humility with which abject truculence, the world and the church has been sickened again and again. Perhaps when we look upon the gifts God may have given us more in the light of these two lines—

"Thought that I have, my own I call, I hold it for the Giver."

We shall know more of genuine humility, as well as unrereserved consecration,

This is the parable of excuses, and Mrs. White is one emphatic denial to the so-called "reasons" which men give why they cannot attend to the first great law to "love the Lord their God with all their heart," which means, of course, that they will as wholly serve Him with all their life.

Can anything finite transcend in importance that which is infinite? Can a question of Time outweigh a demand of Eternity? Oh, when will men more widely see and acknowledge that the spiritual part of their nature is so immeasurably of greater value, and that the long To-morrow cannot be forgotten in the claims of to-day?

DRAWING ROOM RECEPTION.

Pleasant Afternoon Gathering at Mr. Whittle's—Address by Miss Booth.

A pleasant feature of the celebration of the visit of Commissioner Eva Booth, of the Salvation Army, to Winnipeg, was the drawing-room reception held in her honor yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and J. R. Whittle. The proceedings were largely of a social nature, and the "at home" afforded an opportunity which was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by prominent citizens who take an interest in Miss Booth's work. Miss Booth expressed herself as highly delighted with the kindness of the friends she had met in the city, and she gave an address, which was listened to with great interest, telling a little of her own personal experience in the Salvation Army. Her little adopted children, Willie and Pearl, were with her, and contributed no little portion to the entertainment of the occasion. Tea was served, and Mrs. Whittle made the "at home" in every way possible. Major and Mrs. Southall and a number of the officers of their command were present.—Winnipeg Free Press.

The humble are always lifted up in heart.

London Councils

MAJOR MCMLLIAN AND THE WEST ONTARIO OFFICERS SPEND A PROFITABLE TIME TOGETHER.

The Welcome.

It was with great delight that we received the announcement that our new P. O.'s, Major and Mrs. McMillian, were to conduct three days' councils in London, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, April 23rd, 24th, and 25th.

Monday night meeting was as a welcome to the Staff and Field Officers. Previous to this meeting several officers were held on the platform, partners, led by D. O's., at the close of which the band marched round picking up the different brigades and marching them to the Citadel, where a large audience had already gathered.

The indoor meeting was a time of freedom throughout, and was led by the P. O.'s, who, I might say here, were received with tremendous volleys. Our tried and devoted Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Phillips, welcomed the West Ontario Staff and Field to London, and he was followed by Ensign Wakefield on behalf of the corps, band, and friends. It was a proper welcome indeed.

After a solo by Capt. Mathers, the Major called on the different D. O's. to speak. The following had a few words: Adjts., Coombs, Orchard, Blackburn and McLarg, each one extolling a loving and affectionate welcome to our beloved P. O.'s, as well as reporting the victories that God was giving them in their different commands.

The meeting throughout was a good one in every respect, and although we did not see much of each other, yet we felt that God was with us, and we all say "God bless and prosper our new P. O. Major and Mrs. McMillian." We are confident that they shall be the means, in God's hands, of leading the West Ontario troops to victory. H. C. M. J.

The Councils.

When our worthy P. O's, Major and Mrs. McMillian, entered the council room on Tuesday morning, where some 75 officers had gathered, there was a great time of rejoicing. We all felt thankful that God had sent such leaders amongst us. Staff-Captain Phillips, who has a level head and understands how to do a thing, rose, and on behalf of the officers, gave the Major a real soldier's welcome to West Ontario, assuring him that there were a lot of whole-hearted men and women here in this part of the battlefield.

The morning session was taken up by the D. O's, dealing with different important matters. Adjt. Coombs spoke on "Soul-saving"; Adjt. McHarg, "Locals, and How to Use Them"; Adjt. Orchard, "Special Efforts," (some good advice); Adjt. McAmmund on "How to Succeed in the Junior Work"; Adjt. Blackburn, "When Officers Show their love and How to Recruit"; Ensign Wakefield, "Health, and How to Maintain it." To put it in a few words, the morning was well spent, and each one was helped.

The afternoon session was taken up with several matters, such as S. L. and Officers' Assistance Fund, etc. These were faithfully dealt with by the Major and Chancellor.

At night the power of the Holy Ghost was felt resting upon us. Staff-Capt. Phillips spoke on "Stagnation." Light and blessing flowed into our souls. The Staff-Captain excelled himself. It was grand. Then the Major followed with much enthusiasm, talk. It was heaven to be there. Our faith was high for the following day, which was to be devoted entirely to spiritual counsels. Eternity alone can reveal what was done in the two sessions the following day. Our borders, filled with God, spoke out the truth, and many could see clearly where they had failed and come short. The Major's talk on giving our bodies to God, was wonderful. His lips were touched with the fire, and I believe many an officer will look back to those meetings as being a new start in their life to greater success and victory.

The farewell meeting at night would be hard to describe. After the open-air, led by the D. O's, the London brass band picked up the brigades and one great procession marched back to

the citadel, which was well filled. Walk about lively times down in New-journaland, they could not get ahead of this. Everybody was running over with joy. Some fifteen officers received their new appointments, and each D. O. was called upon to say a few words. When Mrs. Adjts. McAmmund and Coombs were called to the front the people almost went wild. These officers had been stationed in London, and it was easily seen that they had won the hearts of the people, especially the band boys.

The Major and Staff-Captain both gave the officers some good advice, and pleaded with sinners and backsliders to settle their souls' salvation. Thus we closed some of the best councils and meetings I have ever attended.

God bless the London people! They are all right. Also the band—they are a fine lot of fellows, and know how to pitch in for God.—T. Coombs, Adj't.

REMINISCENCES OF

My Visit to New York.

By LIEUT-COLONEL MRS. READ.

The Cherry Tree Home.

During my stay in New York, attending the great Ecumenical Missionary Conference, it was my privilege to visit many departments of the Army's beautiful work in the chief city of the United States. Naturally my thoughts turned to the well-known Cherry Tree Home for Children, and at the earliest possible moment I found myself within its cozy walls, under the kind escort of Lieut-Colonel Alice Lewis, I enjoyed a very interesting afternoon, listening to the touching stories of the Matron, Adj't. Benjamin, and the sweet songs of the bright-faced band of children who find a happy shelter in the Cherry Tree's charming precincts. Situated in Rutherford, N. J., away from the smoke, bustle, and whirl of city life, surrounded by trees and gardens, it seems like a world in itself in its surroundings. Brightly dressed, as was the Cherry Tree Home, I was more impressed with the children. The Matron gathered them into the sitting-room, and to the Lieut-Colonel's piano accompaniment, they sang and performed their drills very sweetly and gracefully indeed. And when they sat with eager, upturned faces and listened to a few remarks from Colonel Lewis and the writer, I saw in those dear, bright little ones glorious possibilities for the future. One little girl, with great, enquiring brown eyes, particularly interested me. It was informed that she was a Jewish child, and that her quaint, wistful boy near her was her brother. They had been given over to the Army by the city authorities. Among the many pathetic stories told me by the dear officers here was that of three children at present in the Home, who were found in the slums of New York in the vilest condition, and persistently followed up by the slim officers until rescued from the pitiable condition in which they were found.

The work of the Cherry Tree is summarized in "Home to Home." The little ones are trained and educated, and for many good, Christian homes are secured.

New York Resale Home.

This Home bears an historic interest. The operations are now carried on in the house occupied by the well-known Phoebe Palmer for the propagation of the doctrines of holiness. Years ago the walls were kept sanctified by the hymns of many who received grace, who had a very strong desire of heaven. The Matron, Adj't. Welsh, told me incident upon incident of the blessed and practical results of the work of "rescuing the perishing and caring for the dying" in this great city, with 29,000 abandoned ones. (Ah, the need, the sad, and sad need!) I could quite believe all the wonderful things she told me as I stood in the workshop and looked upon the faces of the 22 girls bodily engaged in various occupations.

"I should like to hear the girls sing," I said.

Immediately they lifted their voices in the words of that beautiful hymn "I have a Friend Who is ever the same." God is indeed richly blessing the Resale work in New York City.

(To be continued.)

SAFE OVER JORDAN.

Color-Sergt. Bro. Cheeseman, of London Corps, Called to His Reward.

Death has robbed our corps of dear Bro. Cheeseman, the Color Sergeant.

For seventeen years Brother Cheeseman has been a faithful and devoted Salvationist, having at all times the interests of Christ's Kingdom at heart, and always in a manifesting the spirit of his Master. His death came as a great shock to the corps, as he was only laid aside eight days previous to being called home. During those days he suffered intensely, but he was never heard to murmur. In visiting him during his illness, he assured me that all was right, saying, "The Savio-ident that had tried to bring the most of me home. I can trust right through to the end!" His last request was to be buried by the Army, so we gave him a proper Army funeral. The remains were taken to the Citadel, where a very impressive service was conducted by Ensign Whittlesey, after which the procession was formed, headed by the band, and as the sweet strains of music went forth on the air, hundreds of people who lived the streets were moved to tears as they watched the solemn procession. Many of the officers (who were attending council) joined with the soldiers and band in the funeral march.

The funeral service, the following Sunday night, was very impressive. Many of the soldiers spoke of the godly, consistent life of our departed brother. Sergt-Major Andrews stated that "after knowing Bro. Cheeseman for over seventeen years, he had never known him to murmur or complain." Ensign Whittlesey sang a beautiful solo, "The City of Gold." Mrs. Major McMillian spoke very tenderly, and Mrs. Wakefield, who is just recovering from a severe sickness, had a few words, and referred to the fact that Bro. Cheeseman had visited her while in her illness, bringing beautiful flowers, showing such a beautiful spirit of thoughtfulness. Many felt their need of being ready to meet God, but would not yield. Some rushed away under deep conviction, weeping as they went. We are sure this meeting will result in the salvation of souls.

We ask the prayers of our comrades for the dear wife and children, who are left bereft of a loving husband and father.—W. J. W., Adj't.

The Memorial Service of Mrs. Ensign Parsons.

TOUCHING SCENES.

In the Dartmouth barracks on Sunday, April 20th, was conducted by Adj't. Frazier, assisted by Adj't. and Mrs. Hunter, the memorial service of the late Mrs. Ensign Parsons. The barracks was well filled and the service was most impressive. The opening song, "Shall we gather at the river?" was played by the Halifax brass band. Then followed prayer and song again, "Hiding in Thee." Mr. Bittel, Treasurer of the corps, and who ranks amongst the first Army cavalry in Dartmouth, then spoke and gave testimony to the fact that in all his experience his soul had never brought in closer contact with his Christ than by the death-bed scene of our beloved comrade, Bro. Ford, of Halifax, then sang, "Thou hast the power to heal me," the last song sung by dear Mrs. Parsons, just previous to her death. Then followed testimonies of those who had been most with Mrs. Parsons, during her short stay in Dartmouth, all testifying of her Christian life and example among them and spoke of the spiritual strength and encouragement they received. Mrs. Hunter then soloed, "The warrior sings in heaven," after which followed Capt. Butler, who had fought in the Army ranks as a soldier,

and then again as a Cadet, with Mrs. Parsons, spoke most touchingly on the love and faithfulness of our glorified warrior. Mrs. Hunter read from Rev. Dr. C. G. Finney's sermon of 9th and 10th verses, dwelling on "I know thy works, tribulations, and poverty, but thou art rich." Fear none of these things which thou shalt suffer. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The Adj'tant having been the Divisional Officer of dear Mrs. Parsons up West, spoke of his personal knowledge of her devoted, loyal, and faithful service to the cross of Christ. Sister Keen sang, "Loved ones in heaven are watching over me." Then a few words by Adj'tant. Frazier, of deepest sympathy for the dear insignia. The Ensign himself spoke of the life and death of his darling wife, how during the past three years and a half, three months of their married life, she had at all times, and under all circumstances put the claims of God and the interests of His Kingdom first; how unselfing had been her love for the slamer Christ had died to save, and how, with her dying breath, she had pleaded the cause of Calvary's Lamb and charged him to be faithful to the Blood-stained banner.

The Ensign is struggling bravely through this sad bereavement of wife and little son's loss, and wishes to express through the War Cry his appreciation of all the kind letters of love and sympathy which have reached him in this trying hour.—Mrs. Adj't. Frazier.

From Harbor Grace, Nfld., to Heaven.

Sister Lucy Parsons has been called up higher. Of her it might be said, "Her sun has gone down while it was yet day." She was enrolled by Adj't. Kenway about eighteen months ago, and since then has been a soldier of this corps. Never very strong, and of mere average height, she did not come to the front very much. She was scarcely twenty years of age, and after only a few days' sickness was called away from time into eternity. What a warning to the young to be ready! I spent many hours with her before she died, and with her last breath she sang with me. When she was just becoming unconscious I asked her to wave her hand if she was trusting in Jesus. She tried to do so. She will be missed in her home by her widowed mother and brother, also in our Band of Love and Bible Class. She had her funeral service on Saturday afternoon. Very impressive services were held at home in the barracks, and at the grave. Six sisters, in full uniform, were her pall bearers. Hundreds were on the hill of maren. 400 people crowded into the barracks, and two were converted at the memorial service. We have pledged ourselves afresh to God to be faithful 'till the day dawns and the shadows flee away."—Annie Boggs, Adj't.

THE VALUE OF A CONTRIBUTION.

WHEN LITTLE IS MUCH.

It needs watchfulness and faith to keep from growing sluggish as one's income increases. Commonly, the more one has, the less one gives. There are beautiful exceptions to this general rule, and these exceptions are triumphs of grace. Small gifts may have God's approval, yet not because they are small, but because they are the most the giver has to give. Jesus commanded the poor widow's two mites, "that were all she had; even all her living." It is said that He that sitteth in the heaven will laugh at some things. May He not laugh when a man with a big bank account puts in a petty sum, saying that he gives "the widow's mite"? If we use a Scriptural figure, we must see to it that it is appropriate to our case, as it was to the one of whom it was first used. Sir Thomas Brown said: "Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed."

THE WAR CRY.

15

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

105 Hustlers.



To Parents, Relatives and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend and, as far as possible, aid wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray ex-

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

WRIGHT, WM. NELSON. Age 40, fair hair, dark moustache; blue eyes. Trade, tinsmith. Left home 21 years ago. Last heard of four years ago in San Francisco, Cal. Mother anxious.

SILLENS, MRS. LIZZIE. A soldier in Yorkville corps thirteen years ago. Afterwards Cadet at Palmerston and Walkerton. Last seen in Toronto ten years ago. Friends anxious.

HANNON, JOHN. Age 36. Last known address, five years ago, 336 Ohio Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Friends anxious.
TULLY, EDWARD. Left Dresden

"Information wanted of ROSE MADILL, who left home in Ubly, Mich., September, 1899. Last heard of at Orofino, Idaho, or Kalispell, Mont.

years, blue eyes, fair complexion, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 155 lbs. Parents very anxious."

Second insertion.

SLY, ROBERT JAY. Member of 1st Washington Infantry. Served a year in Manila. Fair, 5 ft. 8 in., raven stout. Last heard from last No-

Friend very anxious.

McKAY, WILLIAM JAMES. Age

57, 5 ft. 10, dark complexion, hair

and eyes. Last heard from in Vancouver, B. C. English friends along.

TOFT, MARGARET (nee Peterson). Nationality, a Dane. Married, and left her husband in '98, taking one of the children with her. Husband wishes

FRENCH, MR. ROBERT. Was in police force, Scotland Yard, London, England, 16 years ago. Mrs. G. Beck enquiries.

**Self-Denial's Gift.**

Tunes.—Sovereignty (B.J. 220, D.; Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Oh, Son of God, Who didst deny Thyself of heaven, for me to die, And live a life of self-denial, A life of sorrow and of toil, Help me, dear Lord, to live like Thee, A saviour of mankind to be!

Thy life was spent in doing good, In giving souls and bodies food; Self-abnegation was Thy theme, Thy life-long work souls to redeem. Help me, dear Saviour, so to live, New strength for service do Thou give.

Just now my all to Thee I give, A self-denial life to live; Oh, take possession of me now, With holy fire sent Thou my vow! Accept my humble sacrifice, And make me like Thyself, oh, Christ!

Harry Davis.

Self-Denial Love.

Tunes.—Christ is all; or, Come, comrades dear (B.B. 9) without the chorus.

2 What caused our God to send on earth His Son, to be of humble birth? 'Twas self-denial love. Why did the give His Son to be A ransom both for you and me? 'Twas self-denial love.

Chorus.

Oh, it was love; yes, wondrous love; 'Twas self-denial love. Brought my Saviour from above, 'Twas self-denial love.

What caused my Lord to freely give His life that sinful men might live? 'Twas self-denial love.

"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive, they know not that by Me they live!"

'Twas self-denial love.

In dark Gethsemane, so dear, He drank the cup without a fear; 'Twas self-denial love. "Father, Thy will be done!" He cried, And then my Lord was crucified, 'Twas self-denial love.

Dear Lord, give each of us to-day That love which chaseth fear away— More self-denial love;

Help us to spread through every land That story so sublime and grand, Of self-denial love.

Will You Self Deny?

Tune.—Heaven's a beautiful city (S. M. H. 62).

3 How much can you suffer for Jesus? In His service how much will you lose? At His cross will you still kneel, adoring, And the cross which He gives you refuse?

Chorus.

I dare, Lord! I dare, Lord! I dare do all for Thee.

How much will you suffer for Jesus? There are plenty His wonders to praise;

Dare you face the legions of hatred, And His down-trodden banner upraise?

How much will you suffer for Jesus? For the hate of His cause is the same; Would you seek to gain by His sufferings? Whilst shrinking a share in His shame?

How much will you suffer for Jesus In the way to the crown He will give?

There are cruel deceivers and slanderers; A life on these terms will you live?

As smitten, and yet not forsaken; "Not destroyed," though often "scattered"; As "troubled," yet counted "deceivers."

Our God will our characters crown!

Push on, Comrades.

"Oh, weary one, on sin's hard road, Come to Me; Lay at My feet your heavy load, Come to Me; Come will give you perfect rest, And peace will reign within your breast, And you shall pardoned be, and blest. Come to Me.

"I will not cast one soul away, Come to Me; But, oh, repeat while yet 'tis day! Come to Me; For night is coming on apace, When no more may seek My face, Then past will be your day of grace; Come to Me."

Delay Not.

Tunes.—There's mercy still (B.J. 15); Bound for Canaan's shore (B.J. 112).

6 Salvation, precious gift of God, To all mankind is free; Come, sinner, seek the cleansing blood, While Jesus waits for thee.

Ingratitude has filled your heart, With cruel thoughts and wrong; From hateful sin you cannot hurt, For Satan's claims are strong. Seek mercy now, for Jesus knows The strength and power of sin; He speaks and quickly overthrows, Your enemy within.

**COLONEL JACOBS**

accompanied by
BRIGADIER GASKIN,

with the
TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND
will visit
Lisgar St. Sunday, May 27.

LIEUT-COL. MARGETTS

will visit

St. Johnsbury, Vt., Friday, May 25, Barre, Vt., Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27, Burlington, Vt., Monday, May 28.

LIEUT-COL. MRS. READ

Temple, Sunday, May 27.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. FRIEDRICH

Yo-kville, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR McMILLAN

will visit

Li. towel, Friday, May 25, Palmerston, Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27.

MRS. BRIGADIER GASKIN AND MRS. MAJOR TURNER.

Mentor, Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27, Collingwood, Mon., May 28, Barrie, Tuesday, May 29.

**MAJOR COLLIER**

Lippincott, Sunday, May 27.

MAJOR TURNER

Midland, Friday, May 25, Parry Sound, Sat. and Sun., May 26, 27, Barrie, Monday, May 28, Newmarket, Sat. and Sun., June 2, 3.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. STANION

with the
LIFE BOAT CREW
will visit

Dovercourt, Monday, May 28, Lisgar St., Wednesday, May 30, Lippincott St., Thursday, May 31.

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. STANION

Huron St., Sunday, May 27.

ADJUTANT PAGE

Dovercourt, Sunday, May 27.

